

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 772

Week Ending
JANUARY 6, 1934

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

LAST YEAR IN THE CLOUDS

See
Page
Ten

GOOD CITIZENS ONLY AS VOTERS

A NEW SUFFRAGE FOR POLAND'S SENATE

Marshal Pilsudski's Plan For Evolving Better Parliaments

IT IS CHARACTER THAT COUNTS

Among the forms of government which are changing in Europe from hour to hour an interesting experiment is to be made in Poland under the inspiration of Marshal Pilsudski, a patriot who was liberated by the Germans at the Armistice and has since been a driving power in his country set free.

Poland, like so many of the new States, adopted a liberal constitution, imitating, and in some cases endeavouring to improve on, those of the French and English-speaking peoples.

Only too often, alas! the peoples have not fitted their new constitutional clothing. Hence all these dictatorships and other retrograde changes of government in European States.

Diet and Senate

The Parliament of Poland consists of a Diet and a Senate, both elected by general suffrage on a system of proportional representation. Meeting as a National Assembly, these two houses elect the President, who has powers to dissolve the Diet on the advice of the Cabinet and to rule by decree during the 90 days between the dissolution of one Parliament and the assembly of the next.

Inexperience in self-government has resulted in much dissension in the working of the State, and Marshal Pilsudski considers that the Diet has powers which should be restricted and that the voters for the Senate should be a limited number of the people.

In history the vote has been given for varying reasons; sometimes it has been based on a voter's property, sometimes on rank, sometimes on pure race, and, strangely enough, in China on intellect with an examination system. The C.N. believes that there is only one proper system on which votes should be counted and that is on character.

The Right to Vote

Marshal Pilsudski proposes that only what he calls good citizens should be privileged to vote for the Senate. It is to be no longer the right of every Pole to vote for this Upper House; only those who have earned the right to do so will be allowed to vote. Even then they will only elect two-thirds of the Senate, the other third being nominated by the President of the Republic.

This new aristocratic electorate is to consist of men who have been decorated for service, such as the members of the Order of Military Valour and those who have won the Cross of Independence, awarded to them for their work in restoring the independence of Poland.

Mother and Child



A painting by William Dyce lent by the Nottingham Art Gallery to the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House. See page 4.

Though it is declared that the Cross of Independence has been offered to Socialists, who oppose the Government in power, by far the greater majority of the holders are men who have taken the side of Marshal Pilsudski. When we read that it has been refused by so eminent a man as M. Paderewski, who was Prime Minister in 1919, we wonder whether good citizenship is not too restrictive a term in this case.

The new scheme at any rate bears the form of a constitutional democracy, and if a sound touchstone can be evolved to test good citizenship the new electorate of the Senate might prove the future salvation of the country.

Whether he is right or wrong, the Marshal still stands out as a statesman of international outlook. His recent work for peace between his country and her two old enemies, Russia and Germany, has amply confirmed his reputation.

DARING MEN OF THE DOLOMITES Climbing By Nails

Those who imagine the modern man has grown "soft" hardly take account of new feats of daring unparalleled in the history of the world, whether in aviation or acrobatics, diving or mountaineering.

In the Dolomites, those jagged peaks which form the Italian Alps from Trent to Monte Cristallo, the northern face of the Drei Zinnen has been conquered by three indomitable Italian guides.

The rock here is perpendicular, and often there is overhang. The feat was accomplished by driving in long nails as the ascent proceeded, the nails being ringed at the heads to carry a double rope.

From nail to nail, from loop to loop, the perilous climb was accomplished.

WISE MEN SEEKING A LITTLE CHILD

THE GRAND LAMA DIES AND LIVES

Buddhist Priests Searching the Cradles For His Successor

BUDDHA AND PEACE

Once more wise men in an Eastern country have been seeking a new-born babe at Christmastide.

The country is the mysterious land of Tibet, and they are seeking the babe in order to bring him to the mysterious city of Lhasa, there to be supreme ruler of the land until he dies. When that event occurs another babe will be sought for as his successor.

Belief Of the Tibetans

The explanation of this strange custom which, though we do not believe in it, does contain something of spiritual beauty, is the belief of the Tibetans in the reincarnation of the soul. They are Buddhists, and believe that the spirit of Buddha himself is lived again in the Grand Lama, who has been their spiritual ruler ever since Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, passed on about 500 years before the Christian Era. When each Grand Lama dies his spirit passes at the moment of death into some new-born child. The finding of this child is the pressing problem that arises when a Grand Lama goes out into the Universe.

In the mountain-girt capital the child is brought up, a Regent performing his duties until he is of age. Thousands of monks in three great monasteries there do his bidding, themselves playing an important part in the government of the country, which forms an outer province of China with about 2,000,000 inhabitants. His palace, the Potala, is perhaps the most impressive religious building in all Asia, its five golden pavilions rising 300 feet above the marsh surrounding the city on the hill.

A Gift and Its Meaning

It is only 30 years since the first Englishman met the Grand Lama. He was Sir Francis Younghusband, who led a mission from the Indian Government into this hitherto forbidden land. At their coming the Grand Lama fled, fearing the arrival of the English meant an attack on the age-old religion of his country. As soon as he found that this was not so he negotiated a treaty which was favourable to the interests of his country, proving himself a leader of great intelligence and charm.

He gave Sir Francis, as a parting gift, a figure of Buddha, saying that when he and his fellow-countrymen looked on that figure they thought only of peace, and he hoped the Englishman would look on it in the same spirit. We trust that the new Grand Lama will carry on his predecessor's high ideals.

THINGS WHICH BELONG UNTO OUR PEACE

A TREASURE OF PRICE

Remarkable Story of a
Wastepaper Basket in Sinai

NATION TO SPEND £100,000 ON A BIBLE

A thrilling story originating on Mount Sinai has filled with thankfulness the hearts of Bible-lovers, scholars, and collectors.

One of the oldest of Greek manuscript Bibles, found on that famous Mount, is to be bought by the British Museum from the Soviet Government at the colossal price of £100,000 on the understanding that our Government will give £1 to every £1 given by the public.

It is a marvellous and inspiring fact that the greatest price ever given for a manuscript is to be given for a Bible. And why? Because the Bible as we know it, apart from being the handbook of the Christian religion, is the keystone of the integrity of the nation and of the beauty and magnificence of our literature. And this Bible, the Sinai Bible, is one of the three definite sources from which has come, by translation, the Bible as we know it. The other two sources are manuscript Bibles known as the Alexandrian and the Vatican Bibles.

German Scholar's Discovery

The Vatican MS. has been in the Vatican Library for 500 years. The Alexandrian is in the British Museum. The Sinai Bible is of greater importance than the Alexandrian because it was written a century earlier and contains corrections made by Eusebius.

The story of the finding of the Sinai Bible has all the glamour of lost and found treasure tales. It began about 90 years ago when the German Bible scholar Constantine Tischendorf was labouring on a great work concerned with criticisms of the Greek Testament. He was anxious to study every manuscript copy of the Testament, and after four years spent in the chief libraries of Europe he went to the monastery of St Catharine on Mount Sinai to look at the library there.

Problem of the Leaves

One day he discovered in a wastepaper basket 43 leaves of manuscript written in Greek which he recognised at once to be of very great age and found to be part of a version of the Old Testament.

He was allowed to keep them, and for nine years Tischendorf pondered on the problem of these 43 leaves. Then he went back to the monastery; but, although the monks were friendly and polite, he could learn nothing about the rest of the manuscript except vague hints that anything worth while had gone elsewhere.

A few years later he returned once more to Mount Sinai, and this time he had for patron the Tsar Alexander II, who was protector of the Greek Church.

For the Tsar's sake the monks made him welcome and let him work in their library. The last evening of his stay he was talking with the steward about a certain version of the Old Testament. The steward said he had a copy, and out came a curious bundle—a mass of unbound manuscript leaves wrapped in a napkin.

The Long-Lost Treasure

With trembling fingers and fast-beating heart Tischendorf turned the leaves about, and discovered, with a joy unspeakable, that here was his long-lost treasure, here nearly all the Greek Old Testament, the entire New Testament, and two other little works in Greek, one being the Epistle of Barnabas, Son of Consolation.

Tischendorf knew there was no other Greek version of the Barnabas Epistle in existence, and thinking it, as he said,

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE KING'S SPIDERS

The Web Round Buckingham Palace

All sorts of people write to the King on all sorts of subjects, but only once, we believe, has he had a letter requesting permission to look for spiders in Buckingham Palace garden.

The King's secretary, Sir Clive Wigram, told the story at a recent school prize-giving, when he was encouraging the girls to take up hobbies—even spider collecting.

The letter, he said, was passed on to the Zoo authorities with an inquiry as to whether they knew the writer, and the reply came back that he was one of the greatest experts on spiders.

So he was invited to Buckingham Palace and given the freedom of the garden. He had a very happy afternoon wandering about it, and wrote to tell the King that he found a wonderful lot of spiders in his garden.

They will know who to blame at Buckingham Palace if an enterprising schoolgirl now writes to ask if she may come and study flies in the Queen's Parlour.

APOLOGIES

We have an apology to make to New Cross Post Office.

We took a dingy sub-office to be the main office, which we shall now look out for with pleasure, as we are told by a New Cross reader that it is a very smart and up-to-date place.

All the same we do know one place in that district where a fraction of the Post Office's record surplus of £10,000,000 could be spent with advantage. It could be made a much better advertisement to the thousands of people who pass it every hour.

We are told by another reader that New Cross is not a slum, and if so we apologise again; but we pass through it often and it certainly looks like one.

The C.N. has another apology to hand out for the New Year.

This time it is to Glasgow, for we learn that the stag we reported shot in Glasgow for fun had injured itself so badly that to shoot it was the kindest thing to do.

We are very sorry, but we feel Glasgow will forgive us when we assure her that our news was from a Glasgow paper.

THE SLEEPY DRIVER AGAIN

He had great difficulty in controlling his lorry owing to lack of sleep, said a lorry-driver to the Reading magistrates. He actually had to make two journeys from Chesham to Southampton, 84 miles, in two days! His employers were fined £10, and we hope it will be a warning to others. We should like to see maximum penalties in all such cases.

Continued from the previous column

a sacrifice to sleep, he spent the night copying it.

He was obliged to leave the monastery in the morning, but such was his earnest and impassioned pleading that the monastery gave permission for the bundle of MSS. to go to Cairo, where Tischendorf arranged for a hasty copy to be made. Then he went to the Tsar, and the end of that part of the story is that in return for 9000 roubles worth of presents the Sinai monks agreed to let the Tsar have their old Greek MSS.

Now the work is to be ours, and it gives us a feeling of immense pride to think that in these years of stress we are still capable of such a magnificent gesture as to hold out one hand for a copy of the Bible and with the other tender £100,000 for it.

Beauty and the things of the spirit are eternal; and happy is the nation that can keep an eye on the things which belong unto its peace.

REICHSTAG FIRE CASE

THE GREAT GERMAN MYSTERY

Fate of the Five Men Before
the Court

LONG DRAMA OF A TRIAL

The trial of the five men accused of the Reichstag Fire has ended, and we may hope a sordid story is now almost over.

The poor demented Dutchman was condemned, but the three Bulgarians and the Communist leader Torgler, the only German in the group, were found not guilty, a decision reflecting honourable courage in the Judge in view of all the circumstances and the political threats of General Goering.

The Three Chief Accused

In spite of all the other distractions the world closely followed the unfolding drama of the trial. The three chief accused became famous characters, while great sympathy was felt for the two Bulgarians Popoff and Tanef, whose ignorance of German must have added to their tension. Of Dimitroff, the witty and courageous Bulgarian Communist, no impartial follower of the trial can think as guilty. Conducting his own defence, he convinced even the prosecution that neither he nor his compatriots had any part in the fire.

Torgler, the young leader of the German Communists, also proved that he is a man with a balanced mind, a philosopher, respected even by General Goering in his calm moments, and not a man of action, of plots, or stratagems. When his colleagues lost their heads and their courage on the day after the fire he calmly went to see the authorities about it and was promptly charged and locked up, suffering we know not what humiliations and being handcuffed for months.

The Case of Van der Lubbe

And what has the world made of the Dutchman Van der Lubbe? Few more strange characters have appeared in a historic trial. He ranks with our much maligned Guy Fawkes, but Guy was a fanatic of sterner mettle and saner mind. Van der Lubbe astonished all by declaring that he fired the Reichstag, and he alone. He has been accused of being the tool of both the Communist Party and the Nazi Party. Does not the truth lie in the fact that he is an Anarchist, whose notoriety has turned his brain?

Englishmen, perhaps more than other Europeans, have been interested chiefly in the form of this trial, which differs so much from the practice of our own criminal trials. Though a conviction for high treason involved a death penalty there was no jury, and the presiding Judge asked most of the questions, both of the accused and the witnesses. Hearsay evidence was admitted and, most humiliating of all to the dignity of the Judges, General Goering was allowed to make a political speech and to declare vengeance on Dimitroff "if he caught him outside the court." A later speech of Goering practically telling the Judges that they should convict would be treated as contempt of court if uttered by a Prime Minister in this country.

An Unsolved Mystery

The strange thing about the trial is that, though many witnesses have been brought forward, nothing convincing has been revealed about the details of the fire itself. Everything pointed to more elaborate preparations than Van der Lubbe declared he had made, and it is probable that mystery will surround this extraordinary happening for ever. What cannot be denied is that it enabled the Nazis to drive the Communist and all the other opposing Parties off the field, leaving them masters of Germany, so powerful that they at once passed a law to inflict the death penalty on those who caused the fire, a proceeding contrary to all civilised practice.

THE MEN WHO FAIL

JOHAN SORENSEN COMES INTO HIS OWN

A Dane Who Was Before His
Time in the Wireless World

IDEAS IN ADVANCE

The story of the successful inventors of the world makes thrilling reading, yet it is not more thrilling than the story of the unsuccessful ones.

What tales of quiet, steadfast, uncompromising courage, of bitter disappointments and noble resignation, might be gleaned from such a record!

One such story has lately come to light, fortunately in time to procure some measure of belated recognition for its hero. Among the two or three men who in the nineties of last century laid the foundations of what we now call wireless was a Dane named Johan Sorensen. Had this man been in a position to gain the public ear in those days he would have become one of those the world delights to honour, but he was only an obscure sailor in a submarine, with not a friend to lend him a helping hand; so there was nothing for him to do but to send in a report to the Marine Department.

Without Interest

In this report he explained with simple directness that, after lengthy and careful experiments, he had come to the conclusion that it should be possible to communicate with ships at sea without any intervening cable, and he described the process by which he proposed to do so. Already he had reached a stage where he was able to get into touch with a boat several miles from the shore, yet the comment of his superiors was that his supposed invention was without interest!

The same sort of fate that befell him was the fate which had already befallen our own pioneer David Edward Hughes;

Humiliating Rebuffs

Long years of humiliating rebuffs and disillusionment followed, years which might have embittered and paralysed a smaller man. Johan Sorensen was happily proof against them, and drowned his disappointment in work—and new inventions. He saw Marconi and others get ahead of him and reap a glory which might have been his, and he thought: "Well, someone has solved that anyhow. Now let's try to solve something else." While his hands did the rough work of a common sailor, and he repeatedly qualified for the life-saving medal, his brain, which was that of a genius, was happily engaged working out delicate problems in physics and electricity.

He did not remain a sailor for ever. His military service over, he returned to civilian life and quickly found employment, first with a large electrical concern, then as manager to a cable factory; and so the years went by, filled with work which many other men could have done just as well as he.

Now at last, at 72, he has been made a Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog, while at a public dinner given in his honour the most eminent of his countrymen have vied with one another to make amends for past neglect.

THINGS SAID

It is probably true that more of Newfoundland than of Africa is unmapped.

Mr J. L. Paton

If a future poet wants a wild daffodil, probably the only one he will find will be on the property of the National Trust.

Lord Esher

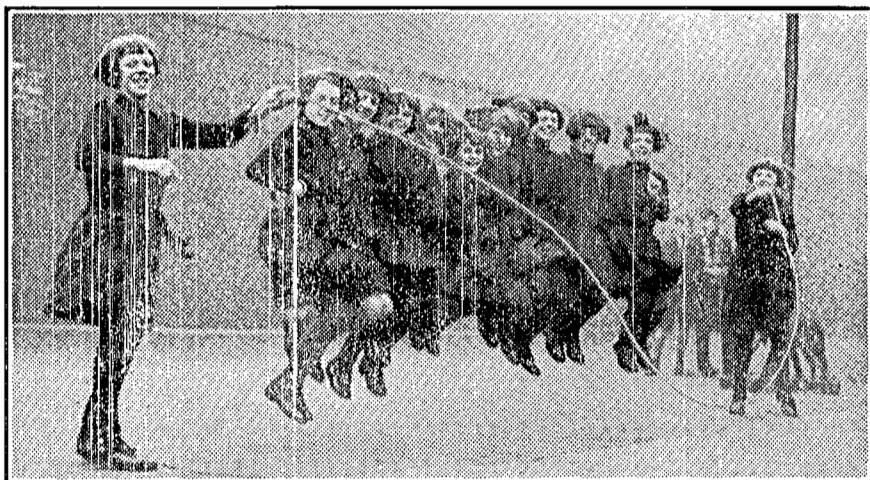
Armament firms have agents in Geneva to disseminate false news.

Mr Noel Baker

For the first time on record stammering is becoming prevalent among girls.

Sir Thomas Oliver

PANTOMIME GIRLS · WINTER IN YORKSHIRE · A STRANDED STEAMER



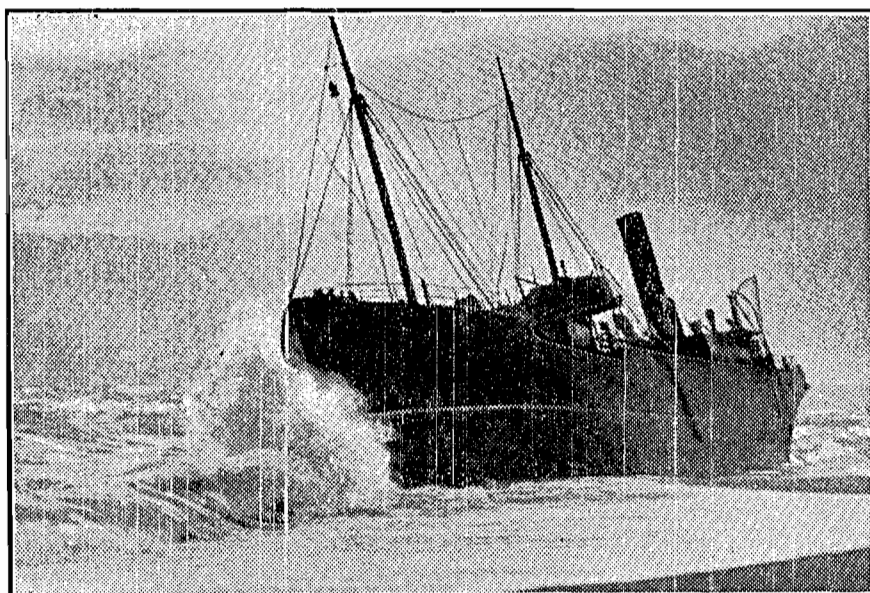
All in Together—These girls are taking part in a pantomime at a Leeds theatre.



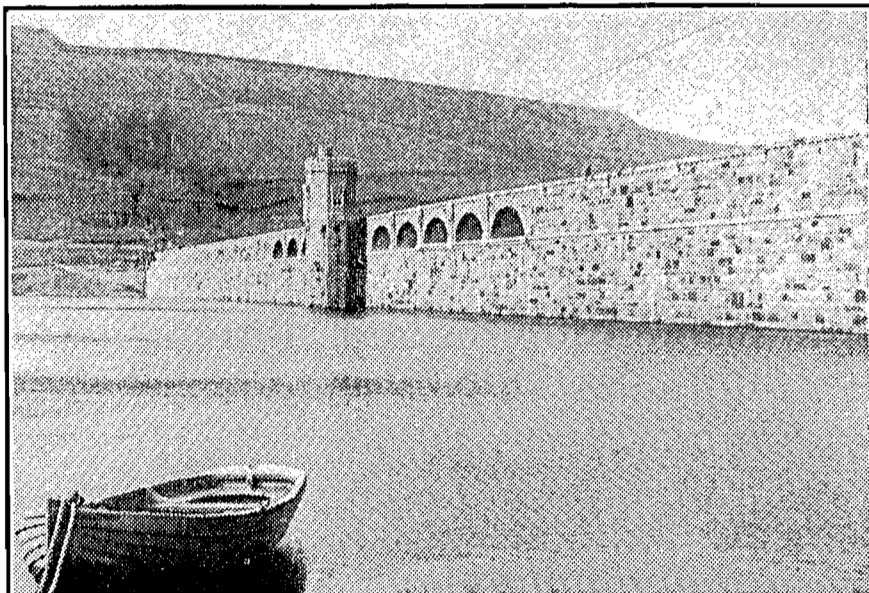
The First Lesson—Young skiers at a resort in the Erzgebirge Mountains, Saxony.



A Winter Afternoon—A flock of sheep on a snow-covered road near Otley in Yorkshire.



Stranded—When the Belgian steamer Charles José went ashore in a fog at Slapton Sande, South Devon, ten of the crew and the captain's wife were rescued through heavy seas, but the captain refused to leave his ship.



Bradford's Water Supply—Here is a view of the Scar House Dam, built at a cost of three million pounds at Upper Nidderdale, Yorkshire, to form a reservoir for the city of Bradford. The drought of last year demonstrated its value.

900 YEARS OF ENGLAND

ITS GLORY UNROLLED ON THE ACADEMY'S WALLS

The Great Exhibition of Works of Art Now To Be Seen

BEAUTIFUL CRAFTSMANSHIP

This year of grace the Royal Academy invites the world to see unrolled upon its walls and displayed about its galleries something of the glory that is England.

Nine centuries of art and craftsmanship are set out there, not vaingloriously, but so that Europe may see that if England learned from France and Italy, the Low Countries and Germany, she did not bury the talents she borrowed, but strove with all her native genius to put them to good purpose, adding always something of her own.

Treasure From the Village Church

The contributors to this array are not painters alone, nor do their contributions come solely from the galleries and collections of wealthy patrons in the present or the past. More than one modest village church has sent its treasure to be set beside the possessions of king and noble in this assemblage of the beautiful works of a nation. Palace and mansion, cathedral and college, merchant's guild, City company, and university museum have vied with one another in contributing the best they have to show to this exhibition of rare and precious things.

Besides the paintings, the water-colours, the tapestries, the embroideries, the masterpieces of the goldsmith and the silversmith, and the figures of such as of old worked in alabaster and ivory, are ancient carvings in stone and wood of masters in the art who have left them as their sole memorial. Among such things, to select a few out of many, are the great Jedburgh Cross, the stone head of a boy from Cobham, the Madonna and Child from Winchester Cathedral, the Angel of the Annunciation rescued by the Office of Works from some building sinking into ruin, three wooden figures of Angels from Ewelme Church, and a 13th-century chair from the church of Little Dunmow.

Incomparable Beauty

To these all who love the Motherland and her works will turn before or after they have made the circuit of the history of British painting which unfolds itself on the walls. It is a story illumined with masterpieces of incomparable beauty. All the famous painters are among the contributors to it. Hogarth, the father of the 18th-century school, who numbers old Captain Coram of the Foundling Hospital among his subjects; Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney and Constable, Cotman and Cozens and Old Crome, Lawrence and Hoppner, Raeburn the magnificent, Zoffany who painted Conversation Pictures, and Turner who painted light and air. Even so, their number, before and after, is not half told. There are moderns as near to us as Millais, with his Sir Isenbras at the Ford, and W. P. Frith with his Derby Day, and ancient unknowns, like the artist who painted King Athelstan in the 15th century or Sir Edward Hoby in Stuart days.

Famous in England's Story

Many a name famous in England's story looks down on us from these walls. Nelson from Greenwich Hospital as Abbot saw him; Sir Nathaniel Bacon who painted himself; Miss Fanny Burney, John Wesley, as the artist drew him, preaching; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's spoiled, ill-fated favourite; Sir Walter Scott, the Duke of Wellington by Sir George Hayter; Admiral Hood, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Kneller and Admiral Jeremy Smith, by Lely, are a few of them; and the walls of half the stately homes of England have for this

THE UGLY POSTER

What We Can All Do To Stop It

Do not buy things advertised in ugly ways.
C.N. Slogan

Not only in this country but across the Atlantic the advice is needed, and we hear that in America it has been of good effect.

In the earlier part of our century travel over great stretches of the United States became a form of martyrdom to anyone sensitive to beauty, because of the hoardings.

Mile after mile of magnificent landscape was ruined for the beholder by enormous signs advocating the advantages of some sort of soap, scouring powder, tinned milk, beans, vegetables, fruits, sauces, cars, gloves, hair tonics, hotels, motor-oils.

Miss Winifred Guy, who has recently returned from the United States with her Poster Exhibition, tells us that in several of the Eastern States all this has ended. The great army of women shoppers have earned the thanks of a nation by obliging this nuisance to cease. Their method was simple. They agreed not to buy anything that disfigured the landscape with hideous advertisements. When the merchants saw what was taking place they could not move fast enough to remove the offending hoardings.

"Would not the world be a better place without posters?" someone said to Miss Guy when her 40,000-mile Poster Exhibition came to an end. It would certainly be better off without its bad posters, she admits. Posters, she thinks, should be graded according to their beauty and artistic worth, and only the best ones allowed.

England would be better to look at, she thinks, if about half its present posters went on the scrap-heap.

COAL PETROL

While our Government is actively assisting an experiment in the production of petrol from coal, great developments in the same direction are reported from Germany. The German Dye Trust is erecting plant which, it is said, will employ 10,000 men.

At present Germany, like ourselves, imports most of her petrol, but it is hoped to make the nation largely independent of foreign oil.

Continued from the previous column

exhibition been denuded of their best painted ancestors.

But stately or historic, famous or dignified, as these paintings and their grown-up subjects are, most among those who scan the pictures will turn their most affectionate eye to the entrancing portraits of the children. Our country has been fortunate in that some of her greatest artists have found their happiest inspiration in painting boys and girls. None was more successful than Sir Joshua, as the walls of the National Gallery and of Hertford House remind us. Here he is represented by the charming pair John and Theresa Parker, the boy twining a protective arm about his little sister. Companion to them is Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton counting her chickens.

Raeburn, who drew the great men and women of his time with such fluent mastery of modelling and colour, comes next. Here he is represented by the three Macdonald boys at play, and the Boy with the Rabbit, so often engraved.

There are others which are worthy to stand by them, George Romney's portrait of William Pitt when a boy, and far handsomer than when he grew to be a statesman in England's darkest hour; and Romney's girlish Master Fane, with his attentive dog. Dyce sends from the past an Italianised Madonna and Child; and, far more endearing, the portrait of his nephew with hands childishly folded in front of him. Charming they all are in this wonderful exhibition. *Pictures on page 9*

ABC OF THE B.B.C.

MOST THRILLING BOOK OF THE YEAR

Behind the Scenes at the House Which Never Rests

A FARTHING FOR THE GOVERNORS

B.B.C. Year Book for 1934. 2s.

A peep behind the scenes has had its fascination since the days when we would beg to see the wheels of the watch go round, but in its Year Book the B.B.C. allows us much more than a peep behind the scenes.

It tells us everything; all the fascinating details that go to make an evening's entertainment for an audience of about 25 million people. We think it is the most thrilling book of the year 1933.

It shows us twelve months of progress. We learn of new stations, new methods; and all the technical details loved by the mechanically-minded. We are let into the secrets of the intricate work involved in programme-making, the troubles of copyright, the jigsaw fitting-in of times and places, the getting together of performers and speakers.

A Man of Tact

Once for a series of Budget Talks a householder was wanted who had £350 a year, a wife, and three children of school age, no more no less. All normal methods of finding such a man failed, but the B.B.C. is not easily beaten. It sent one of its staff into Regent's Park to look for such a family party.

It is not easy to go up to a stranger and say: "Excuse me, but is your income £350, and is that your wife, and are you sure you have no more children at home?" But such is the tact of a B.B.C. man that no one was insulted, and though there were many failures one man with the right qualifications was found in the end, and (what is more) he agreed to broadcast.

What a Whistle Did

Once the B.B.C. has its speaker the difficulty is to persuade him to treat the microphone with proper respect. Some talk faster and faster and ignore all signals imploring them to slow down. One man even blew a sudden and unrehearsed blast on a whistle which put Daventry out of action for three minutes and did £200 worth of damage.

One page gives the results of appeals for funds, another the results of nearly a thousand SOS calls. It is wonderful to learn that half the people asked to go to a sick bed were found, though some had not been heard of for ten or fifteen years. Three thrilling life-and-death messages were successful. In one case petrol had been sold instead of paraffin, in another live cartridges instead of blank; and when the X-rays showed that a child who had swallowed a pin must have an immediate operation she was found in time, though by some mistake her name had not been left at the hospital.

Empire Broadcasting

The great event since the last Year Book is the opening of the Empire Broadcasting Station, which enables the far countries of the Empire to join in the life of the Mother Country. Air links up where land and water have severed. An English nightingale is heard singing in Africa and Big Ben rings out in the Australian Bush. The man in Canada listening at his wireless set to a running commentary on the opening of Parliament probably knows more about the event than the man in London craning his neck at the edge of a crowd.

Many important events have to be broadcast from records, as the other half of the world is asleep when the events are actually taking place. They are recorded by the Blattner system on a kind of steel tape which gives a performance of about 20 minutes.

There is now little rest for Broadcasting House. Sleeping-rooms have to

LABOUR IN WAITING

Shame of the Exchange Queue

WHY NOT A WAITING-ROOM?

In any town, in any week, we may see, if we are interested, a long line of unemployed workers waiting their turn at the Employment Exchange.

No matter what the weather, no matter whether young or old, the out-of-work man or woman is compelled to line up to fulfil the provisions of the law. Join the queue, we say in effect, or go unregistered and miss your chance to get work or benefit.

Why should we thus treat with ignominy workers who are as fully entitled to respect as the more fortunate people who pass the queues with pity or indifference? It is difficult to imagine a sorer sight than that of individuals denied by circumstances the right to labour. Unemployment, in some degree, is the commonplace of our society. It existed in the best years of our trade, before the war. There are never less than hundreds of thousands out of work, even in good times. Why not make better provision for the deadly times of waiting?

Things That Might Be Done

The Employment Exchange might well be provided with ample Waiting and Rest Rooms, provided with newspapers, well lighted, and well warmed in cold weather, with good lavatories where the workless could refresh their bodies, and from which they could emerge with better heart to seek work.

And why not make arrangements at such places for a constant supply of coffee, hot and strong, sold at cost price?

We should do such things if we had a proper respect for humanity as such. Some day, we believe, a Minister of Labour will be moved to ask the House of Commons to vote money for the purpose. We do not believe that Parliament would refuse it.

NATURE THE CHEMIST

Fresh Food For Children

Splendid work has been done in the vitamin group by chemists who now prepare artificial or synthetic vitamins.

Thus there is now a synthetic vitamin which is called calciferol; it has a remarkable effect in making good that delay in turning cartilage into bone which is one of the symptoms of the rickety child.

Professor H. A. Harris, however, while recognising the value of such work, urges us to beware how we rely on artificial preparations instead of fresh food.

What the child requires is an abundance of milk, eggs and butter, and cheese and protein foods rich in flesh-forming nitrogen. He sums up the matter in a sentence we should all do well to remember: *There are no substitutes for a generous all-round diet of fresh food.*

We should aim, not so much at curing rickets, which is a disease of poor feeding, but of exterminating the poverty which causes it.

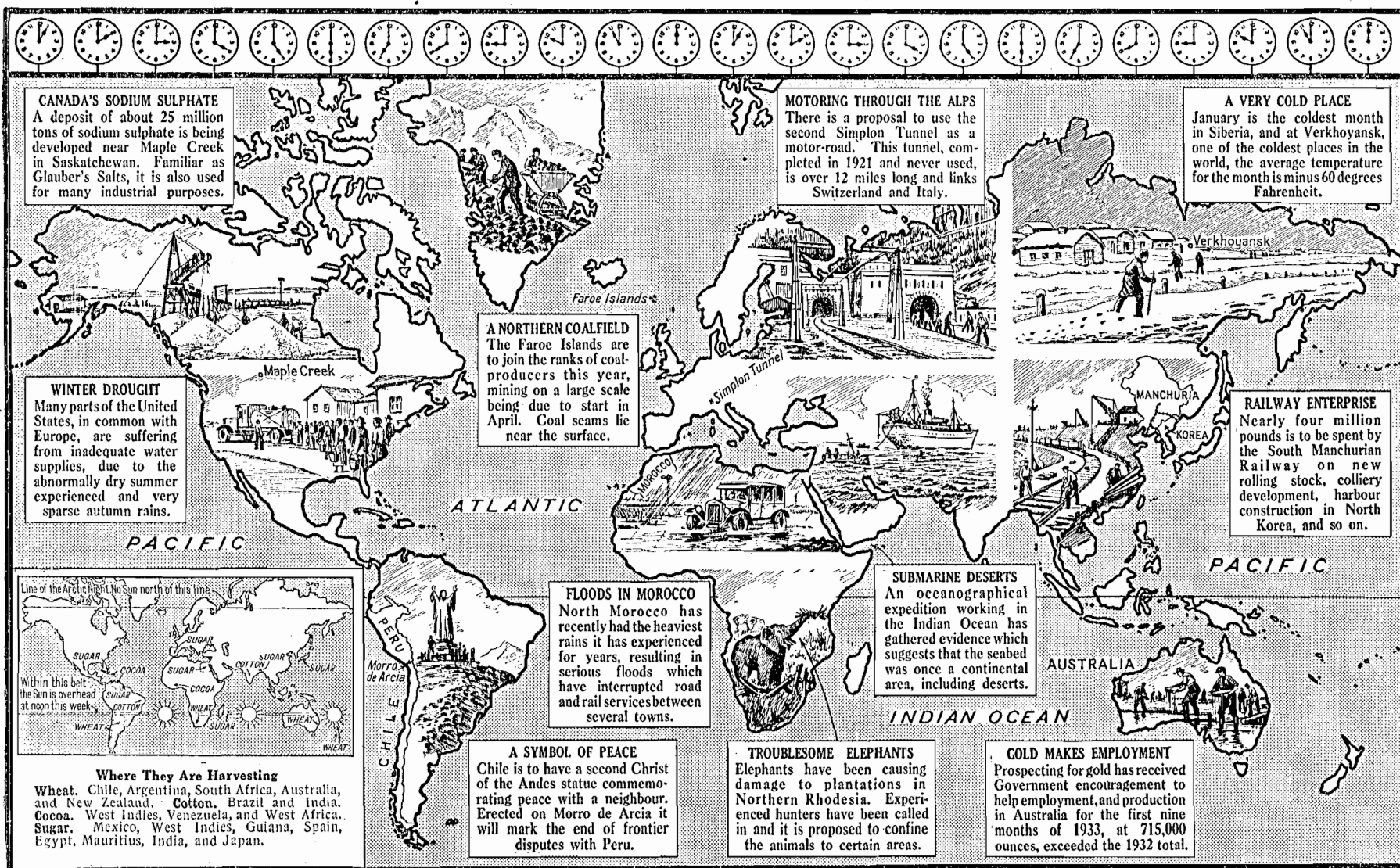
Continued from the previous column

be provided for announcers who must be on duty at 3 or 5.30 in the morning, while a restaurant supplies a 24-hours service. Visitors, by the way, should not be alarmed if a ghost with dead-white face and blackened lips comes down the corridor. It is only someone about to be televised. He must paint himself black and white and do his turn against a white sheet.

From an interesting table explaining how the 10s licence money is spent we learn, for example, that the Government pockets 5s 5d, 2s 6½d is for programme expenses, 3½d goes to the staff, and a farthing to the Governors, poor things!

A thrilling book indeed is this, and it makes us prouder than ever of our B.B.C.; beyond all doubt the most efficient and powerful organisation in the English-speaking world.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE MONEY THAT WILL NEVER BE PAID Still Playing With War Debts

Long ago the C.N. prophesied that the American War Debts could not stand. The payment by Europe to America of a fabulous sum for a period of about 60 years was unthinkable, yet few had the courage to say so.

On December 15 the European half-yearly payments of capital and interest became due under the various agreements. The total sum payable by the various nations amounted to as much as £30,000,000, but in actual fact the amount paid was only £1,750,000.

The British Government paid over 7,500,000 dollars as a token payment, polite expression of the attitude that our Government is willing to discuss the whole matter at some future time with a view to resettlement, and in the meantime acknowledges that it remains open for discussion.

Italy also made a small token payment on the same understanding.

Other nations (France, Poland, Belgium, and Hungary among them) politely intimated that they were not in a position to pay anything at all.

Some day there will have to be a definite settlement. It will probably take the form of small final payments to clean the slate, and it is a profound pity that the world of politics is so stupidly arranged that what must be done tomorrow cannot be done today.

CLEAN MILK IS CHEAP

It is too readily assumed that to produce clean milk is to add unduly to its cost. According to Mr J. A. Barham of Abingdon, he has produced in a year from 45 cows 31,550 gallons of milk at a high standard of cleanliness equal to that prescribed for certified milk. He finds that the extra cost entailed was only £50 a year, or less than a half-penny a gallon.

ROMANCE BEGINS AT THE PYLON The Engineer Stays On

A plucky young man was taken to hospital in Folkestone the other day.

He was Edward Knight, 24, an engineer of the Folkestone Electric Light Company. He was on duty with another man when at 4 o'clock there was a failure on the grid lines feeding the station with current.

The engineers remedied the breakdown; but it happened twice more, and then an explosion occurred. Knight was covered in hot oil from a bursting tank, and was badly burned on the face.

Yet he remained at his post. He had only one thought—to restore the supply. He worked for two hours, as faithful to the station as a sailor to his ship, and would not leave till all was well. We talk of our heroes, and rightly so; this is Romance of the Pylons Number One.

A SON TO BE PROUD OF

The mother of one of our greatest scientists has been celebrating her 91st birthday in New Zealand.

She is Mrs James Rutherford of New Plymouth, and she is justly proud of the scientific achievements of her son Ernest, now Lord Rutherford of Nelson.

He did not forget his old New Zealand home of Nelson when he chose his title, and for 40 years he has never forgotten the fortnightly letter to his mother.

He is certainly a son to be proud of, and he would say the same of his mother.

A SNUG BED FOR THE WINTER

A blue tit has found a snug bed for winter nights in a cigarette slot machine outside a shop in Kelsale, Suffolk.

It slips in each night by the hole that lets out battered or rejected coins. It sleeps on top of the lead weight which covers the cigarette packets, and at daybreak pops out again after a good night's rest.

THE MISSING NOTE Latest Thing in Nest Material

Someone went birds-nesting a short time ago in New Zealand, and found a £1 note.

A farmer in the Hawke's Bay district had lost this £1 note in the spring, and had searched the farm for it. Then someone climbed a tree and found a bird trying to hatch it out with her other nest-eggs.

She had picked it up along with other unconsidered trifles, and probably considered it ideal building material. There was just that bit that would stick out, but luckily it got wet and broke off.

The rest of the note was in quite good condition, and the bird had the misfortune to see her excellent nest-lining snatched away to line a pocket.

EATING NUTS AT BANBURY

At the newly-built Cooperative Store at Banbury a strong room has been constructed in the basement.

Some painters working in it inadvertently closed the gate, which locked as it was made to do. No key being available, an urgent message had to be sent to the makers at Shrewsbury. For over six hours the painters were locked in, being fed through the grille with nuts!

YOUNG LITTLEHAMPTON

Littlehampton believes in the future. Its new Council Offices and Council Chamber are not to be opened by any elderly mayor, admiral, general, M.P., or duchess, but by a boy and girl from the local elementary schools.

We like this tribute to Young England, and we believe that it will be justified when the best educated of all generations leaves school for the marketplace.

DYING FOR HIS MEN A Ship at the Mercy of Wind and Wave

Captain Huysman of the French lightship Dyck has laid down his life for his men.

A gale swept the lightship from her moorings, and for some hours she drifted helplessly in the Channel. She had neither sail nor motor, and was at the mercy of the wind and waves. Finally she went aground some 600 yards from the beach at Hemmes D'Oye, near Calais.

Of the six seamen three were washed away, but their companions managed to reach safety. The captain thought, however, that they could not survive till morning.

There was no hope that their plight would be discovered in the darkness, and to swim ashore in that furious sea would have been impossible. Only a lifeline from the shore could save them.

It was almost a hopeless venture, but the captain managed to launch the dinghy, and disappeared in the darkness amid the screams of the icy wind.

Next morning a coastguard saw the wreck, with the three sailors still clinging to it. They were brought ashore by a lifeline.

The captain was found too, but he was dead, his body encased in ice. Near him on the beach was his boat, stove in and flung away by the waves.

He could have clung to his ship and saved himself, but he preferred to go to the rescue of his men.

SCOUT DAVID

Mr David Morris is 70, but no Rover Scout of 17 could have done more for an animal than he.

When a fire broke out in Berwick Street, Soho, Mr Morris's pet cat was cut off, and was too terrified to save itself. Mr Morris went to the rescue, and reached the cat after walking along an 18-inch-wide parapet.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 6 1934

Our Aerials Also Point To Heaven

A NEW YEAR has begun and we are on our march to better days. Let us keep our eyes fixed on the things that matter.

Let us look up. Our church towers point to Heaven; so do our aerials. All are joined in the heavenly conspiracy, from where the

*Little lost Down churches praise
The Lord who made the hills*
to where the tower of Ely rises above the fens, or Salisbury's spire soars upward like an anthem from the plain.

Our forefathers, building the house of God, fashioned it and finished it with the upward-pointing tower as the token of that habitation beyond the stars wherein His honour dwelleth. Their simple faith endures.

We might be tempted to forget that ancient cherished symbolism in contemplating those other spires of aerial and pylon which are sown about the countryside more thickly than ever were churches or church towers. They too point upward. Between the aerials, aerial to aerial, the words of men flick and flutter and beat. From pylon to pylon runs in another form the mysterious force of electrical energy that lights men's cities and is harnessed to do the world's work.

When we contrast them with those immemorial towers and spires they seem only to be emblems of a material world, yet to think so is to take the narrowest view of the mind of man, impelled always and without ceasing to seek the secret forces of Nature and make use of them.

Rightly considered, the aerial and the pylon are as true a testimony to the faith divinely implanted in mankind as the cathedral spire. They are equally the gift of God to His people. In the truest sense it is He that hath made us and them.

Nor can any say in contemplating what they mean and what they do that the age of miracles is past. The whisper they make heard across the world in an instant of time, the power like a lightning stroke that they convey are miracles in themselves. The greatest miracle of all is that the intellect of man should have conceived them, and the hand of man fashioned them.

In pride that they have done so much, in humility that they know no more, the engineers of the aerials may pray, like the builders of the churches, that He who gave them power and understanding should prosper their handiwork, well knowing that unless the Lord build the house they labour in vain who build it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

*above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world*



Little Jane Watt

WHILE the Ministry of Transport continues to say that it must on no account be hurried, hundreds of children continue to die on our roads, butchered to maintain the idea that every vehicle must speed.

We appeal to the Ministry to consider the story of little Jane Watt, aged six, who was found dying in King Street, Aberdeen. The motor vehicle which struck her had not stopped. Perhaps the police will enter her up as another case of pedestrian carelessness, but might we not call it another indictment of Government inaction?

The motoring laws must be made drastic and stern, and be as drastically and sternly administered.

A Methodist Gives Thanks

HAVING been welcomed to the hunting-field, "Thank God for the Chase," says Leighton Buzzard's Methodist minister, Rev David Pughe. *Ughe!*

A Big Mistake

BOYS and girls who think their teachers fuss too much about handwriting should read Lady Maud Warrender's new book on *My First Sixty Years*.

Lady Maud was getting up a concert in a village hall where there was no piano, and where a piano of normal size would have taken up too much room. She wrote to a big London store and asked if they had a *very small* piano, and how much it would be.

She received a polite letter to say that they had small plaice, that plaice cost so much a pound, and that one weighing so many ounces could be sent, if that would suit her.

New Slums For Old

LONDON is sprawling into the country, unregulated and unplanned; yet, despite all past lessons, we refuse to learn.

New means of transport enable Londoners to leave the centre for the outskirts. We consider pulling down central slums, but do not consider what is happening at the circumference. It is high time the problem of London's growth was considered as a whole. New slummy areas will assuredly be made if we do not control more than the frontage lines of streets planned by adventurers and filled with badly-built houses sold on the hire-system.

We have only to go to Kingsdown in Kent (to take one case close to London) to see the ramshackle stuff that is going up.

IN THE GREAT PEACE

Since the war half a million children under 15 have been killed or wounded on our roads.

A Case in Point

BEFORE the court on a recent day was a very respectable man of 50, charged on his own confession with stealing £350 of Loan Club money. With tears streaming down his face he was sentenced to three months imprisonment. That is the least part of it, for he has lost a fine situation, which he had held for 31 years.

What had happened to this man, so long a good citizen? The explanation is that he lost the money gambling on dog-racing, the silliest of all forms of false sport that were ever invented.

Who will punish the law that allows men to be thus led into misery and shame?

Tip-Cat

A WRITER advises people visiting a certain Devon village to mark an old thatched cottage. What with?

PLUMBERS expect to be busy. Many new tools have been invented for them to go back and fetch.

COOKS are usually temperamental. Soon get heated.

A MAN likes to be able to put his foot down. Especially when anything puts his back up.

OWING to the shortage of bricks many new houses are being held up.

Builders are asking for Government support.

SOME children are always pulling faces. Whose?

A CORRESPONDENT says her morning milkman had a habit of banging down the milk-bottle. Now he has dropped it.

THE carrot, we are told, is typically British. Often gets in a stew.

A WOMAN's hat should be worn with an air, says a fashion writer. She should make a song about it.

A CLOTHIER advertises: Velvet Suits. But whom?

DOOR-TO-DOOR canvassing is futile, somebody declares. Yet it has many openings.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A YEAR's supply of rice has been given to Moorfields Eye Hospital by Mr Boodhoo of British Guiana, a grateful patient.

MANCHESTER COLLIERIES are fitting rubber tyres to their coal carts.

JUST AN IDEA

However unhappy we are we can always give ourselves the happiness of making someone else happy.

The Fliers

By Our Town Girl Held Captive

OUTSIDE my window pigeons passed; I heard their breath of wings

Flying to meet the dawn, and thought of all Earth's flying things;

Of music too, for often one who flies is one who sings.

I THOUGHT of wings of nightingales which seek the starry night,

Of eagle's wings immense and strong above some tranquil height,

Of tiny fliers (wrens, or bees) with firm and faultless flight;

Of gulls as purely exquisite as angels winging by,

Of slow grey owls on wings that ride the dusky evening sky.

I thought, too, wings are spirit things to lift a body high.

I HEARD the wild winds raging where migrating wings embark; I thought of radiant dragon-flies, winged music of the lark;

Of little hurried black bat wings that beat against the dark.

AND when an aeroplane swept high, before the birth of day, It seemed that to my listening ears its throbbing heart would say: A brother who has taken wings is passing on his way.

So now, if waking, low I stay, when all is dark and still, Lest I should lose the stir of flight beyond my window-sill, Or miss the wings of dawn which sound far off from heaven's hill.

A Present For the Birds

By Our Country Girl

Trethias Island, off the North Cornish coast, has been bought by the Western Morning News and is henceforward a Bird Sanctuary.

WHAT shall we give the birds? What can we give for song, Larks in the early Spring, Robins the whole year long?

GOLD they would never take, Rubies they would despise; What shall we give the birds, Beautiful, poor, and wise?

GIVE to the birds an isle Set in the Cornish sea, There shall no fowler come, There shall no terror be.

ONLY the flash of wings, Waves, and the sea-bird's cries: Peace is the loveliest gift, Peace, for the birds so wise.

Love's Eyes

Eleanor Begbie

Often in the roughest face Beauty has a dwelling-place; Careless eyes perceive her never. Not so Love! Be she soever Rudely cloaked, his clear eyes Will discover where she lies; Doubting what they cannot find, Fools then cry that Love is blind.

Life is a dreadful sort of failure if it doesn't teach one to be kind. Warwick Deeping

WITH PREJUDICE

AN OLD COUNTRY WAKING UP

The Sights and the People of the Land of the Rainbow

VIVID PICTURE OF A PEASANT RACE

The Land of the Rainbow: Poland and Her People. By Violet Mason. Hodder. 10s 6d.

We have seen this book reviewed Without Prejudice, but we confess we cannot be so impartial. It is one of the best first books we have seen.

Miss Mason tells us that her curiosity is unbounded, and we can well believe it. Her powers of observation are unbounded too, and she has a wonderful capacity for being interesting.

English to the core (unless it is mixed up with some northern tribe!), she has the capacity of putting herself into the heart of another people; and lucky it is for Poland that Miss Mason has chosen that rainbow land, the land of colour in her fields, her cottages, her green-roofed churches, and the gaiety of her costume.

Seeing the Country

Our traveller has been at home with them for years, and she tells us what they are and how they live, how charming they are in their manner, how peaceful in their lives, how simple in their faith. She has looked down on Poland from aeroplanes and up to it from ditches; who else would sit in a ditch to get just the picture that she wanted? She has travelled fourth class with them, has danced all night with them, has been held up with them in snowdrifts and tipped out of sleighs with them.

She has talked with a charcoal-burner making his living by getting turpentine from the stumps of trees. She has listened to a musical gipsy boy no bigger than his fiddle, and she knows the story of the boy who sat fiddling with his sheep in the valley while the rocks came down and buried him.

A Vivid Writer

She knows the shepherd boy who sang all day long because God does not like gloomy people; and she has heard a preacher say to his flock: "You can't expect to be like Christ, but you can behave as well as the cow in the stable."

And, having seen these things and known these people, Miss Mason has the gift of a fine and entertaining writer. She is vivid and full of colour, and her word-pictures are more than traveller's sketches; they are often living cameos. She gives us the glory of the banks of the Vistula, the secret wonder of the mountain fastnesses, and the shades of splendour of Old Poland sleeping while Young Poland wakes.

Hearts Courageous

Who would not go to Poland with such a guide, to live in the Girl Guides School with her friend Olga, to whom England is a second home? It is like a journey there to read this book, and as if all this were not enough Miss Mason has given us not only three maps, not only fifty of her own charming sketches, but a dozen of the most beautiful etchings by the Polish artist Zofia Stankiewicz, and line drawings by Princess Laura Sapieha. The etchings are of old towns and churches and castles and courtyards, and those who love etchings for something they give us that nothing else can will think this book cheap for these alone.

Certainly it is all vivid and true, a moving picture of an alert and prospering people, living their simple life in a country waking from a long and tragic sleep, crowding churches at their feasts so that some must take Communion outside, believing in God and themselves and Poland, for, as Miss Mason says in her last words, it is in the courageous hearts of her people that Poland lives.

IS IT THE TRAIN OF THE FUTURE?

SOME time ago the C.N. described the experiments that were being made to increase the speed of trains by reducing their wind resistance.

This is done, of course, by streamlining; and by so shaping the lines as to avoid wind resistance as much as possible it was found possible to double the effective power of a train. These experiments were carried out in special wind tunnels, and led to remarkable discoveries as to the immense proportion of power used up by a train in overcoming wind resistance.

Two years have gone by; today we read of a wonderful new train which has been evolved by the Pullman Car Company. It is a self-contained coach

built of chrome-molybdenum steel and a duralumin shell, seating fifty passengers, which is so successfully streamlined that when running at 90 miles an hour the wind resistance is reduced to exactly half of that of an ordinary train. It is driven by motor-engines attached to each axle of the front bogie.

The windows are sealed up on account of the tremendous speed, but the air inside is warmed and made humid to suit the comfort of the passengers, and rubber hair is packed between the inner and outer shells of the coach to stop most of the noise and vibration.

The railplane, as it is called, looks very much as if it might be the forerunner of the world's new train.

A HIGHWAY FOR SKATERS



Boats are held up, but the frozen canals in Holland become highways for skaters. Here we see two village women going into town to do their shopping.

A SCRAP OF PAPER IN U.S.A.

THERE has appeared in the auction rooms in New York a very precious bit of notepaper.

The single sheet bears some poetry. The ink is brown, for the poem was written in 1814, when England and America were enemies.

An American named Francis Scott Key was sent under a flag of truce to the British admiral just before the bombardment of Fort M'Henry. His business was to arrange for the release of a prisoner. The matter settled, he was ordered to stay on board till after the attack.

All night he stayed on deck, listening to the whine of the shells and the explosions that followed. As long as the bombardment continued he knew the fort had not surrendered, but his heart grew heavy when, a little before day-break, the firing suddenly ceased.

There followed a long suspense. Key tramped up and down the deck, waiting to see if the rays of the rising Sun would fall on the British flag flying over a conquered fort.

The Sun rose. Glasses were trained on the fort. The Stars and Stripes was still flying.

It is easy to imagine how the joy in Key's heart bubbled into a song. The Star-Spangled Banner seemed to compose itself. There was a letter in his pocket; pulling it out he hurriedly jotted down on it the lines as he stood on the deck of the British ship.

The Star-Spangled Banner has become one of the famous songs, not only of America, but of the world; and the manuscript of it which was sold the other day, and was copied from those pencil scrawls on an old letter, is one of America's most prized possessions.

THE APE AND THE BOY

BRING THEM UP WITH AN IDEA

Where the Human Child Began To Win

TWIN BABIES

That an ape cannot become human but that a human can become more fearless, thoughtful, and self-reliant if rightly trained seems to be the conclusion of two interesting experiments just coming into the news.

Professor and Mrs Kellogg not long ago brought up a female chimpanzee, Gua, aged seven months, and Donald, a human boy ten weeks older, in exactly the same way for nine months. They went to bed and got up at the same hours, wore the same clothes, played with the same toys, and were treated as equal members of the same family.

Gua and Donald

Gua showed herself more worthy of this consideration than one might expect. True, her long arms and bandy legs made it harder for her to learn to walk upright, and her short thumbs made her clumsy at picking up flat objects, such as a sheet of paper or a penny from the table; but she was able to keep up with Donald on almost equal terms at games, solving puzzles, obeying orders, and responding to praise and blame. She learned to understand and respond to a great number of words and even whole sentences.

Gua was Donald's superior in muscular energy, and she was much more active; but when it came to learning to talk Donald quickly outstripped her, and it became clear that here was a definite difference between the ape and the babe.

The other experiment concerns twin baby boys in the care of a great medical centre in New York. In the interest of science the parents are permitting them to be trained differently in their infancy.

Trained and Untrained

One is being brought up in the ordinary way by an ordinary nurse, given "all reasonable care"; the other has his way mapped out for him by specialists who are doing everything to prevent fear being born in his heart, to teach him to think things out for himself, and to rely on intelligence to get him out of difficulties.

At nineteen months these twin babies showed a remarkable difference in their respective abilities to get out of difficult situations: the plain baby would howl for help, while the trained baby would examine the situation, see a way out, and calmly climb down by himself with no sign of fear.

The trained baby can also swim, dive, and use roller skates, while the ordinary brother, who is by no means backward, looks on with wonder.

If this experiment goes on as it has begun and develops a super-child by the simple system of teaching it to believe in the motto "I can," it should go a long way toward putting an end to the "No, Johnny, you mustn't" and the "Look out, Tommy, you'll fall!" system of nursery management.

TOO YOUNG FOR WORK BUT WORKING

In anticipation of the coming into force of the Children and Young Persons Act of 1933 (which actually became effective on November 1) details have been obtained from local authorities of the number of children under 14 in various occupations.

Altogether 298 authorities reported 63,308 such children at work, of whom 28,331 worked before school.

Many from 12 to 13 were shown to be at work, 20,535 boys and 3158 girls. The chief occupation was delivering newspapers, which accounted for nearly half; next come goods and parcels with 16,152.

THE LOUT ON THE BEACH

Getting Rid of His Work

We have found a small footnote to an article which should be written in large capitals.

The article is in the British Red Cross Quarterly and is on Experiences and Observations on a Scottish Beach, telling of the work of the beach First-Aid post in Berwick. Most of the visitors are children who come of their own accord to be treated. The most frequent casualties are cut feet, due to broken glass on the beach.

If we were to say all we think about people who leave broken glass about on beaches it would fill up the rest of the paper, so we will get on to the footnote, which is this:

A Junior Link of the Red Cross reports that its members make a practice of going daily in couples during the summer holidays to pick up broken glass on the beach.

To see children and grown-ups working together like this to improve their community is a most encouraging sight. The only thing that could give us more pleasure would be the total suppression of the Litter Lout and all his monstrous host on our beaches and everywhere.

WHAT A NEW CAMERA REVEALS

A new cinematograph camera which takes 2000 pictures a second, or eighty times as many as the ordinary motion-picture camera, has shown that a golf ball is deflated to about two-thirds of its ordinary size when struck by the club.

This camera has been made by the Western Electric Company and has shown the pieces of shattered glass from a broken electric light bulb like gently-falling snow. Pictures taken at this extraordinary rate, and then shown on the screen at the ordinary rate of 24 pictures a second, give a very slow-motion effect from which all kinds of little-understood actions can be studied at leisure.

The slow-motion picture is not often seen at picture theatres these days, for the novelty has worn off; but it is being used a great deal, with splendid results, in the engineering and scientific world for research purposes.

THE COCK, THE HEN, AND THE GRAMOPHONE

Some interesting experiments have been made in Germany to see if animals and birds can recognise their own voices on the gramophone. A fox-terrier that strongly disliked cats was tried with a record of a mewling cat, and it at once tried to jump down the horn of the instrument. But the most amusing result was that of playing to a cock the cackle of a hen after she had laid an egg. The cock immediately crowed with the egotistical crow he makes when taking credit for his wife's achievement.

THE BOY MINE OWNER

A boy of 17, Michael MacDonald, manages his own mine in Rhodesia single-handed.

It is a little gold mine, and with the help of a dozen natives this enterprising young proprietor is managing to get nine pennyweights of gold from a ton of ore. He is putting in a battery of drop stamps to work his ore on the spot.

RUSSIAN OIL

Soviet Russia now ranks second among the world's petroleum producers. One estimate has it that all the world's oil amounts to no more than 7000 million tons, of which 3000 millions are Russian.

Hundreds of prospectors are drilling for oil in Russia under the guidance of the State Geological Research Institute.

CARTFUL OF BOOKS

Street Library in Poland

One of Warsaw's Girl Guide companies has hit upon a bright idea in doing its good turn.

The Guides collected many books among their friends and relations, picture books for little children, books of adventure, travel, and discoveries, such as would interest all young readers. With these they started a lending library for slum children.

As their own clubroom was rather far from the slums, and they had no other room to use, they chose a certain gate in the slum centre and they established their library there.

On certain days and at given hours the Guides can be seen going in twos or threes with small carts full of books. Their customers are already on the lookout, never letting the girls wait. They crowd round the little carts, some bringing their old books wrapped up carefully in old newspapers, others hugging their treasure under their rags, lest the rain should spoil the cover.

There is no fee for borrowing; each child signs a declaration agreeing to look after the book properly and bring it back in a week or a fortnight. The signature is placed solemnly on the paper and that is enough; the child knows that it is trusted and feels proud of it. It has never happened yet that a book has been lost or torn.

THE TWOPENNY BIRD TABLE

A twopenny bird table has been invented by a friend of the C.N. who lives in Stockport and has let our Country Girl into her secret.

First you buy a twopenny rubber ball, and then you cut two bell-shaped holes in the side, about one and a half inches wide and an inch high. The bottom of the ball is now a shallow saucer, which you fill with crumbs, scraps of fat, and peanuts. The domed roof protects the food, and a string is threaded through a hole in the centre so that it can be hung from a nail near the window.

It is the perfect table for tits, because sparrows cannot invade it. Tits are far more amusing to watch than cage birds. There is no reason why every child should not have a bird table. May cages soon become as out of date as stocks and pillory.

PASSING THE CENSORSHIP

From a Sick-Room

Agnes, the cheerful little maid who dusts the room we spend a great many hours in now, remarked today that she was very fond of reading.

"You read a good bit, Miss, don't you?"

We held up the book we were diving into, so to speak, before this interruption, and showed it to Agnes proudly.

"What do you think of this? It was a present sent yesterday."

Agnes tucked her duster under her arm and looked at what happened to be Arthur Mee's Children's Shakespeare.

"That's lovely," she said. "You know I always have thought myself that Shakespeare was really very good."

THE MYSTERY MAN

Kimberworth, Rotherham, has a mystery. Even amateur sleuths (who are always so much cleverer than the police) have failed to solve it.

For two years in succession as unknown giver signing himself A Working Man has sent £100 to the church bazaar. Everyone would like to know the man who has thus sacrificed his savings for his church, but he has been careful to leave no clues, and, like the Scarlet Pimpernel, is probably among the loudest to wonder "Who he can be!"

A new hotel in London has a basement garage for 500 cars.

THE X-RAYS MYSTERY

How They Act

We put it like that to accentuate the curious fact that no one yet knows how X-rays act.

This has been remarked upon by Dr Finzi, the famous radiologist, who says there is not enough money for research.

Let us note it! X-rays were discovered by Röntgen 38 years ago, and still they are not understood. The rays are emitted when high-pressure electric currents are passed through vacuum tubes. They are beneficent and widely used, but remain in many respects a mystery.

So it is with many other paths of inquiry. The world ought to lavish money on research, but Governments are meanest when they ought to be most generous.

A POCKET X-RAY SET

A pocket X-ray set which can be plugged into the ordinary mains is the latest wonder of science.

It came as a surprise even to the scientists themselves when Dr A. Bouwers, a Dutchman, produced it during a radiology lecture in London.

The set is only six inches long and will take an excellent photograph in two seconds.

Another surprise sprung by Dr Bouwers was a tube capable of withstanding the hard penetrating X-rays, yet far smaller than anything now used. A tiny adaptable tube of this kind may eventually enable X-rays to take the place and expense of radium in treatment.

MAKING NEPTUNE WORK

The silting-up of river mouths is something that causes trouble all the world over, and it is good to hear that in one place at least Father Neptune is being made to clear up his own mess.

At Hoylake on the Wirral, where drifting sand for ever tries to block the estuary of the Dee, a long cable has been stretched. Anchored at each end, the cable has iron cranks fitted with hooks at every ten feet.

The waves set the hooks scratching at the sand, and currents and tide carry off the loosened stuff.

A few days sees the removal of quite big and obstinate sandbanks.

PUFFING IN VAIN

Two young men have puffed and panted 600 miles—in vain.

All the way from Offenbourg to Berlin these two, dressed in peasant costume, have trundled a couple of wine casks inscribed *March of thanksgiving and loyalty to our leader, Autumn, 1933*. They explained to people on the way that they were wine-growers, and that they intended to present the wine to Herr Hitler, because it represented the first grape harvest of the Third Reich.

The walking tour, or perhaps we should say the rolling tour, has just come to an end, after six weeks of backache and foot weariness. The two men have reached Berlin, only to learn that Herr Hitler is a teetotaler!

EVEN CRICKET BATS TAXED

New Zealand cricketers have been asking that their Government should reduce the Customs duty on cricket bats and other material imported from England.

It was stated that a bat costing £1 10s in England would cost £3 5s in New Zealand, because there was a duty of 25 per cent and an ad valorem charge of 10 per cent, besides freight and shop-keeper's profits.

Everyone will agree it is a pity that tariffs in the Dominions should make cricket so expensive.

MILLION AND A HALF FOR INVENTORS

The Commission That Worked For Love

In 1919 a Royal Commission was appointed to award those whose inventions helped to win the war.

For 14 years it has worked steadily, hearing evidence, sifting the facts, and making the awards; and now its task is done.

So well done, too, that though nearly 2000 cases have been dealt with and nearly £1,500,000 awarded the Commission's judgment has never been seriously challenged; and who knows how much costly litigation has been saved by the careful work of its members, who have not claimed one penny for their service in all these years.

Because of this work for love the Commission only cost the country £29,000, which, the Attorney-General announced at its last meeting, is probably the smallest sum a judicial body of this kind has ever cost.

We, who know from painful editorial experience the very deep well in which the truth about inventions so often lies, can only marvel at the satisfactory results of this labour of love.

TELEPHONING I WILL

For the first time, we believe, a wedding has taken place over the telephone. The bridegroom was in Detroit and the bride in Stockholm.

The wedding was arranged to take place in Stockholm, but the bridegroom was suddenly recalled to America by his employers, and was not able to return. There had been no time for a wedding before he left, and he asked his sweetheart to follow him by the next boat, so that they might get married in America.

But the immigration laws would not allow it. There was no objection to the girl herself, but she could only enter America as an American's bride.

So, with the Swedish Consul at the bridegroom's side, and the American Consul at the bride's, the wedding took place. It took seven minutes and cost £9 10s.

Weddings by Transatlantic telephone are not likely to be popular.

NEW FIBRE ON THE MARKET

For some time men have been trying to discover something that would mix well with wool and cheapen its production while retaining its warmth.

Such a fibre has now been extracted from jute and Cambric grass.

It is described as textose or wootex and cannot easily be distinguished from wool; in fact, in certain respects the new mixture is superior to cloth made entirely from wool, while the fibre costs only about a third the price of wool.

The new fibre comes from Belgium, and works near Manchester are to manufacture it on a large scale.

COTYMANIA

We all like Monsieur Coty's scent, but we fancy that the following extract from his paper *L'Ami du Peuple* will not smell quite so sweetly in the nostrils of his French readers as it does in ours.

Britain imposed her Parliamentary system on France. She has accustomed us to her sports, social usages, and favourite pleasures, from boxing to Salvation Army demonstrations, and from literature to the music-hall.

Anglomaniya overflows into all domains, denationalising us each day a little more.

When shall we have the Act of Union, copied from that which united England and Scotland, which will frankly make France a British province?

MASTERPIECES OF BRITISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



Boy With Bat by Francis Cotes



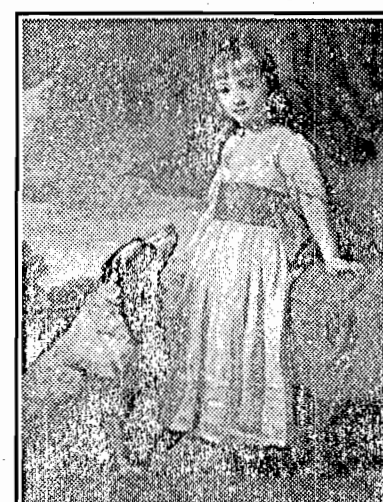
The Macdonald Children, by Raeburn



Catherine Pelham Clinton, by Reynolds



John and Theresa Parker, by Reynolds



Master Fane, by Romney



William Pitt, by Romney



Boy With Rabbit, by Raeburn

This year's winter exhibition at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, described on another page, is devoted to British art. Here we reproduce a few of the pictures which have been lent to it.

THE ROOSEVELT FIGHT

President Insists on the Truth

TRADE MUST BE FAIR AND STRAIGHT

When Congress met on January 3 one of the many battles to engage its attention was the one being waged for truth-telling in favour of the new Pure Food and Drugs Bill, introduced last June. A Congressional Committee has been appointed to hear evidence about it.

The part of the Bill that is most hotly opposed is the one that would enable the United States Government to forbid false or misleading advertising of foods, drugs, or cosmetics.

This is being denounced as dictatorship by many cosmetic manufacturers whose products were not even mentioned in the Food and Drugs Act passed in 1906. The earlier Act obliges manufacturers to tell the truth about their products on their labels, but it failed to foresee the vast possibilities for misleading the public that the use of the wireless for advertising (which America permits) was to bring about. The new Bill seeks to fill in the gaps in the old Bill which the march of events has produced.

Price-Cutting and Truth-Cutting

The Roosevelt Administration, which has striven to do away with unfair price-cutting, sets its face in this Bill against truth-cutting. Cosmetic manufacturers who make sound products favour the Bill on the ground that if news gets about of disastrous results following the use of poisonous goods it makes the public shy of all kinds.

There is a vast body of border-line interests in America which are secretly fighting President Roosevelt's effort to introduce the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, into the food and drug trades. All those who sell a cent's worth of harmless syrup at 2000 per cent profit with the assurance that it will cure asthma, chills, lumbago, hacking cough, and pains in the knees are naturally against too much of a truth that is bound to be bad for their business.

A Stab of Horror

Had there been only these harmless charlatans and quacks in the field this drastic Bill might not have been drafted, but with them stand those whose products do horrible harm.

Mrs Roosevelt, in a recent talk to women journalists, showed them a photograph which sent a stab of horror through every heart, a young woman blinded by one application of some stuff she used to make her eyelashes curl!

We may think such girls stupid and ignorant, and so they are; but, all the same, it is high time the United States should be armed with the legal means to apprehend the criminals who flourish on traffic in such preparations as these.

MAGNESIUM AEROPLANES

Lighter Than Aluminium

Magnesium is a very light metal, about a third the weight of aluminium. We have a little in our bones, and it has many uses in medicine and industry. We know it best as sulphate of magnesium, or Epsom salts.

It is now suggested that it may come to be used in substitution for aluminium for such machines as aeroplanes, because it is so light. It is a white metal, hard, ductile, and malleable. The Department of Industrial and Scientific Research is at work on the subject. We do not yet produce magnesium here, but in Germany it is made on a large scale from the salts at Stassfurt.

Last Year in the Clouds

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE AIR

Planes Go Farther, Faster, and Higher Than Ever Before

IS THERE A FUTURE FOR THE AIRSHIP?

ABOUT 100 years ago, with the coming of railways on land and steamships at sea, a new era of rapid communication was beginning.

In our own time the world has been made a very much smaller place by the coming of the Flying Era, and a short account of some of the happenings of last year may remind us of the rapid strides made in this latest sphere of Man's conquests.

During the year planes have flown farther, faster, and higher than ever.

Early in February two R.A.F. officers, Gayford and Nicholletts, flew from Cranwell to Walvis Bay in South Africa without a stop. They covered more than 5300 miles in little more than 57 hours. This was an improvement of more than 300 miles on the previous record; but in August even this wonderful long-distance flight was eclipsed.

An Amazing Flight

Two Frenchmen, Codos and Rossi, flew without a stop from New York to Rayak in Syria, more than 5650 miles, in less than 55 hours. This amazing flight included the crossing of the Atlantic and the entire breadth of Europe from West to East before entering Asia.

Flights such as these are more than demonstrations of the reliability of engines and planes; they also show the marvel of the instruments that enable the flying-man to find his way about without the aid of landmarks or even stars—blind flying, as it is called.

In 1931 Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth established the world's speed record of 407 miles an hour, but in April of last year Warrant-Officer Agello of Italy increased the record to nearly 424 miles an hour.

The height record for aeroplanes was increased by about 800 feet to 44,817 feet by the Frenchman Lemoine in September. It is believed that long-distance flying in the future will take place at heights greater than this, when hermetically-sealed machines will be able to take advantage of strong winds that are believed to exist and travel at hundreds of miles an hour.

Among other great flights were Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith's lone journey in a little plane from England to Australia in just over a week; Mr Ulm's similar journey with three companions in two hours less than a week; and Mr Wiley Post's journey round the top of the world when he covered 16,500 miles in less than eight days. For the first time, too, Man has looked down on Everest's unconquered peak from the planes of the Houston-Everest expedition in April.

Notable Atlantic Crossings

There have been several Atlantic crossings, notably by Mr Mollison, who flew across the South Atlantic in February and the North Atlantic in July, making the more difficult journey from East to West. But the most spectacular event of all was undoubtedly the great flight of General Balbo's armada from Rome to Chicago by way of Iceland, Labrador, and Canada; and then back to Rome by way of New York and the Azores. Twenty-five flying-boats set out and 23 returned. It was the greatest formation flight the world had known.

There are now in operation more than 200,000 miles of airways, along which planes carry passengers, mails, and merchandise with almost unflinching regularity. The capitals of Europe are well served, the Continent having 60,000 miles of airways. Passengers travel in comfort in big saloons, and on many routes meals are served during flight. On the machines of Imperial Airways which fly between London and the

Continent more than 500 five or six-course lunches have been served in some weeks.

Big increases in all kinds of traffic were recorded last year on the Imperial routes from London to Cape Town and from London to India. The India route was extended during the year from Karachi to Calcutta, then to Rangoon; and it has since been extended still farther, to Singapore. Passengers and mail can now reach Singapore by plane ten days after leaving London, against about a month by other methods. It is hoped that the airway will be extended to Australia this year.

England is so small and so well served by railways that the advantages of air travel are not so obvious as in bigger countries, yet last year numerous internal air services were started.

Progress in Civil Aviation

In no country, however, has there been such progress in civil aviation as in America. New machines introduced are making the journey from coast to coast, 3000 miles, in 16 to 18 hours, including stops. Machines fly through the night, passengers sleeping in comfort, while in clear weather the pilot watches the flashing beams of aerial lighthouses placed at intervals of 25 to 50 miles. If he is flying above the clouds or in bad weather a wireless beam keeps the pilot on the right track. On arriving near an airport the signals grow louder until his plane is directly above; then they cease, and the pilot knows that he can come down; and once he is through the clouds the landing lights on the aerodrome show him where to alight.

Improved designs are giving increased speed. Many American machines have a retractable undercarriage, a device which is used by some English designers. After the machine has taken off the landing wheels can be drawn up into the fuselage, thereby decreasing wind resistance and increasing speed. Another device for increasing the speed of heavily-laden machines is the variable pitch propeller. The blades of this propeller can be set to enable the machine to take off efficiently with a heavy load and then altered when in mid-air for fast flying.

Petrol continues to be the predominant fuel for aircraft, and it is interesting to know that it is now being made from English coal. A squadron of the R.A.F. has been using coal petrol for several months with success. Experiments are still being conducted in many countries with Diesel engines, which burn heavy oils that are less dangerous than petrol; and during the year a big German liner with four Diesel engines has been operating successfully with great saving of fuel costs.

Future of Air Transport

An experiment with interesting possibilities took place in California in April. A small steam-engine was fitted into a biplane which was flown successfully.

The future of air transport seems to be with the aeroplane, for the airship has been tried and so often found wanting. The disaster to the huge United States dirigible Akron early in April, when it was wrecked at sea with the loss of nearly 80 lives, seemed to sound the death-knell of the airship. Yet in spite of all the disasters to airships the wonderful Graf Zeppelin goes on proudly showing what it can do. It has maintained regular services between Europe and America in the spring and again in the autumn. Before it finished the season's trips early in November the Graf Zeppelin made its fiftieth voyage across the Atlantic.

Can its German designers prove that there is a future for the airship?

YOUNG FARMER CLUBS

A Profitable Hobby

THE BOY AND THE EGG

Not long ago the Prime Minister and Miss MacDonald invited a number of influential people from various parts of the country to the drawing-room at 10 Downing Street to consider how to extend the benefits of Young Farmer Clubs in this country, where they are already well established.

These clubs are not merely for the children of farmers; they encourage the rearing of animals as a form of practical out-of-school education for any young people who are attracted by such hobbies. It is, moreover, run as a paying hobby, for however fond the members may become of their livestock they are definitely reared for sale, and the rations are set out on scientific lines to produce the maximum growth, putting the stock in the market in the shortest possible time at low cost.

On Scientific Lines

The food is bought in bulk for the club members and the animals are sold by auction in the market in due course. Egg-producing on scientific lines takes a prominent place in some clubs, and anyone desirous of joining or starting such a club should get in touch with their county agricultural organiser or the head office of the Y.F.C. at 16 Russell Square, W.C.1.

A leading sheep-breeder after the meeting told of the U.S.A. movement which he saw in being at the great International Stock Show at Chicago. These young people save their profits and prize money to attend this great show and hold a rally afterwards. He told them of a little boy who was given a bantam hen. He found a pen for it and gave it three nesting-boxes, but no eggs were forthcoming. One day he slipped into his mother's drawing-room and, taking an ostrich egg, hung it in front of the bantam, saying, "Now look at this and do your best."

That, he said, was the spirit of young farmers at famous stock shows in all countries where they existed.

NEPTUNE HOLDS HIS OWN

When the authorities of Auckland, New Zealand's largest town, attempted recently to rebuild part of Shortland Street, which is in the very heart of the business area, they found that the foundations were driving into water and blue harbour mud, and the work was impeded by the rise and fall of the tide a quarter of a mile away.

Shortland Street was reclaimed from the sea about seventy years ago, and bit by bit further reclamations have driven the sea back to its present position. Streets and buildings have arisen, railways and tramcars run on the new land, and all these years, beneath the great modern buildings and the din of modern traffic, all unsuspected, Old Neptune has revisited his ancient beaches twice in every day.

A LETTER FROM JAVA

The C.N. has persistently derided the stupidity of subsidising beet sugar in England at great expense to the taxpayer and great loss to the sugar industry of our colonies.

But that the trouble goes a lot farther is brought home to us by a letter from a C.N. reader in Java, who tells us that thousands there have been brought to the point of starvation, and huge factories are lying idle, because, instead of purchasing sugar where it can be produced economically, our Government forces us to produce it ourselves uneconomically.

The Litter Lout Raises

Your Rates

Put him down and keep them down

FRIGID PLUTO

Slow Progress of a Strange Little World

THE OUTERMOST PLANET

By the C.N. Astronomer

Pluto, the outermost planet of the Solar System, is now at about its nearest to us for this year, and about 195 million miles nearer than it was six months ago.

This does not make much difference to us, because this remote world is only perceptible at present in the most powerful telescopes; but its exact position may now be easily found high in the south-east. The bright stars of Gemini, the Twins, Castor and Pollux, together with the fainter stars shown in our star-map, will direct the observer to where this far-off world is speeding on its way. It will be seen that Pluto is to the south of the star Kappa. The smallest stars on the map are easily seen through opera-glasses on a clear night.

It is interesting to note Pluto's slow progress through the heavens though it is invisible, the extent of its apparent movement during the last four years since its discovery being indicated on the map by the length of the arrow. This is the slowest of all the planets, and it will take Pluto 247 and three-quarter years to complete its revolution round the Sun and come back to where it is now. It takes Neptune 164 and three-quarter years, travelling at the average rate of three and a third miles a second, while Pluto's speed averages not quite three miles a second. This will seem very rapid to us, being about six times faster than a bullet leaves a rifle; but it is very slow for a planet, our world, for instance, travelling now at about 18 and a half miles a second.

Pluto is at present at a distance of about 3600 million miles, but each year it gets nearer to the Sun and therefore to us, as it approaches perihelion, by about 17 and a half million miles. Eventually Pluto will come near enough to be seen through much smaller telescopes than at present, and considerably more will be learned about it. It will not be until the year 1988 that Pluto will reach perihelion and be actually at its nearest to the Sun and to us; then it will be no more than 2660 million miles away, 940 million miles nearer than at present, and much nearer than the planet Neptune.

Pluto's orbit thus comes within that of Neptune to the extent of about 40 million miles; there is, however, no possibility of a collision between these two worlds because Pluto's orbit is inclined to Neptune's to the extent of about 15 and a half degrees.

Intense Cold

Pluto appears to be about 4000 miles in diameter, or half that of the Earth. It is very dense and massive for its size, and so must be largely composed of heavy materials, elements most probably all reduced to a solid or fluid state in the frigid conditions which must exist on a world in which the Sun appears only as a bright star among numerous others. These present the same appearance and arrangement as they do to us.

The conditions on Pluto would appear to be such that rivers of liquid hydrogen may flow between banks of crystalline oxygen and mountains of nitrogen, reduced to rock by the intense cold, would glitter in the starlight. Ice or water may be unknown on such a world, or exist only far down among the earlier rocks and heavy metals of its interior, rocks which doubtless contain the carbonised remains of Pluto's fiery past, and perhaps the fossilised relics of beings that existed when it was a world bathed in the light and warmth of a sun a hundred times greater than it is now.

G. F. M.

LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW

By Our Lady of the Manse

Our North Country Lady of the Manse has been looking through her window again, and has allowed the C.N. this share of the view. We wish for all invalids such a window and such a well-stored memory.

What a debt I owe to the window out of which I looked for so many weeks.

Our house stands so high that I seem to be on a level with our town hall clock, which smiles in on me with its comforting face when I am silly enough not to sleep.

In the mornings I watch the smoke curling up first from this chimney then from that, and picture the wakening life below. Is a singing housewife there to set a happy breakfast tune or are there grumpy people too sleepy or stupid to know how good it is to be alive?

In the daytime it is the tenement windows opposite that come to life. The curtains catch my eye.

A Careful Mother

I see a father carrying his small girl pick-a-back round and round a room; a careful mother remembers her little boy playing in the street below and throws his coat down from a high window; so many little human beings that make up life.

Then comes tea-time, and the lights go up one by one. I can hear the children home from school and play. Father comes home. I picture a family I know gathering round the table behind one of those windows. The eldest son has just taken his M.A. The second son is at the university. The next of the family, a girl, has work at 10s a week, but means to try for the Civil Service. It was not possible to send her to the university, but the youngest, another girl, will have her chance, as she is only twelve yet.

No; it was not possible to have three at the university together, for the father's wages are only 30s a week. The mother won a bursary as a girl, but her father did not allow her to take it up and hurried her into domestic service. She did not let that make her unhappy, and she is happier still today, for both her sons won bursaries.

WHO WAS MACHIAVELLI?

Born Florence, May 3, 1469.

Died Florence, June 22, 1527.

Descended from a noble but impoverished family, Niccolò di Bernardo dei Machiavelli lived in an age when troubles were heavy upon Florence.

He saw the Medici expelled, the Republic instituted and dissolved, and the Medici reinstated. In the meantime he had fulfilled many diplomatic missions, and taken a prominent part in public life.

The restoration of the Medici led to his being put to the torture as a conspirator against the ruling family. Thereafter he retired, to devote himself, for the greater part of his remaining years, to literature.

He presented a notable report to Leo the Tenth on the reforms for Florence, and afterwards acted as ambassador.

His name has been made the synonym for deceit and villainy. His aims and purpose were misunderstood by early commentators. Modern critics hold that Machiavelli was a man whose public conduct was upright and honourable, whose views of morality, where they differed from those of the persons around him, differed only for the better. His fault was that, having adopted some of the maxims then generally received, he arranged them more luminously, and expressed them more forcibly, than any other writer of his time.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the C.N. each week to any child on Earth

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

January 6

ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,

Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Reginald Heber

THE NEW SMUGGLERS

Duty Evasion at the Ports

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Our new British Customs Tariffs, which now cover almost all imported articles, have led to an enormous amount of smuggling and evasion of Customs duties. Detentions are made daily.

Publicity ought to be given to the subject, for too many people are tempted to believe that such offences are trifling. In truth they are far from that, for they rob the taxpayer.

In one of the latest cases, duty amounting to £841 was evaded by false declarations and fines amounting to £1750 were inflicted. The goods were American gramophone parts. Not long ago a wireless goods importer was fined £222 for a similar offence.

A trick often used is to make out two sets of invoices, one at lower than the true figures.

Many trades are involved in these frauds, among others paper merchants, furriers, silk merchants, piano dealers, and fancy goods importers.

The officials are becoming increasingly alive to the tricks employed, and it is to be hoped that warning will be taken to heart by all whom it may concern.

KING BORIS MEETS KING ALEXANDER

Good it is to know that King Boris of Bulgaria has paid a State visit to King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia at Belgrade.

The Balkans have ever been a danger zone. It was at Sarajevo in 1914 that the assassin's shots were fired that began the war. Today Yugo-Slavia is backed by France and Bulgaria by Italy, Bulgaria claiming the restoration of territory given to Yugo-Slavia. If King Boris and King Alexander can settle that point, a fine day's work will have been done for the peace of Europe.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE OLD YEAR

Two bits of good news welcomed the New Year in.

The unemployment figures, we were told, had gone down, and the nation's pocket money had gone up.

About 800,000 of our unemployed countrymen found work during the Old Year, and the nation's financial position was better by £42,000,000.



'Oh, Mummy
—it's lovely!'

CHILDREN love the delicious flavour of 'Ovaltine.' And that is fortunate, because 'Ovaltine' is without equal as the daily beverage for building up robust health and abundant vitality.

'Ovaltine' provides, in a concentrated and correctly balanced form, the additional nourishment which all children need to maintain healthy growth and to make good the energy they spend so prodigally all day long.

Scientifically prepared by exclusive processes from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, 'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. health-giving and energy-creating nourishment.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain starch, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa or chocolate.

Considering its supreme quality 'Ovaltine' is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. There is only one 'Ovaltine.' There is nothing "just as good." Reject substitutes.

'OVALTINE'

Gives Energy and Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



100 YEARS OF LIGHT

A Noble Birthday Remembered

HISTORIC LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SCOTTISH COAST

One of the most historic and beautiful of our lighthouses is remembering its age, with the pride allowed in people and causes that have survived for a hundred years.

This is the Girdleness Lighthouse on the coast of Aberdeenshire. A hundred autumns have rolled in storm and gold over the Scottish mainland since the first autumn day that saw it lighted in 1833.

No one watched its beams flash out with greater joy than its builder, Robert Stevenson, though indeed he might have become accustomed to thrills of that kind. His stepfather, Thomas Smith, was the first engineer and inspector to the Board of Northern Lights, constituted in 1786, and Robert himself succeeded him ten years later, when he was only 24.

Grandfather of R. L. S.

He held the office for 47 years, and during that time he either planned or built 23 lighthouses round the shores of Scotland. He also invented, among other things, the intermittent light, and he was consulting engineer for roads, bridges, canals, and railways. He helped Rennie to build the famous Bell Rock Lighthouse. (His son, Alan Stevenson, built the still more famous Skerryvore.) No wonder Robert Louis Stevenson, his grandson, was so proud of his engineering ancestry.

Robert lived in the heyday of lighthouse building. When he became engineer to the Scottish Board there were not forty sea-lights on all the coasts of Great Britain. There are now about 1300. The lighthouse Robert built on the Aberdeen coast has had a great deal to do with the success of the port of Aberdeen during the hundred years of its life. Before this graceful and effective building was set up the port was looked on as a dangerous place.

For sixty years Robert's lighthouse stood practically as he left it; then it was reconditioned and brought up to date. If the ghost of the hardy old Scot could revisit Girdleness now he would indeed be thrilled, for the superb lights (again brought up to date) that sweep the wild northern seas shine with the power of 114,000 candles and can be seen, on days clear of fog, 19 miles away.

LIGHT IN THE MINER'S DARK WORLD

Darkness in the pit is the miner's enemy. It makes hewing at the coal-face more dangerous, and many a man is hurt by falling coal.

Almost worse is the disease which attacks his eyes: all miners dread the word nystagmus; while working in constant twilight affects their nerves.

So a new lighting system installed in a colliery near Bolton is of the utmost value and interest. Six electric lights are now taken within five feet of the coal-face by means of a transportable unit. As the coal is hewn away the unit can follow without tedious delay. With more light the men will be able to work faster and with a measure of safety hitherto unknown.

PRAIRIE DISTRESS

According to a Winnipeg correspondent the Government of Saskatchewan has planned to support 30,000 needy farmers this winter, or, say, 150,000 people. This, in addition to urban distress, is a costly burden for the community as a whole.

Many Canadian farmers, reduced by hard times, have become almost entirely self-supporting. Home crafts have been revived, hides are home-tanned, and wool spun and woven into rough garments.

WHAT DOES A HORSE SEE?

BY PETER SIMPLE

A STORY we have been reading of a horse which nearly took his loaded railway dray through a shop window in Rotherham raises an interesting question.

In the shop window among the woollen goods was a clump of artificial grass, placed there for decoration. The horse drew nearer and nearer to this attraction, and only the timely return of the driver prevented the shafts from breaking through the plate glass.

The question is—was the horse deceived into thinking that here was something which was good to eat? Was he disappointed when the driver frustrated his attempt to make a meal of it?

The answer is that, though the idea that the horse was deceived is quite plausible in the circumstances, it is probably wrong. It is more likely that the animal was moved only by that curiosity which is a characteristic

of horses, and often leads them to investigate strange objects. Horses in a field are extremely inquisitive, especially if a human being comes along.

But the horse's eye and its powers of vision are entirely different from those of a human being. The human eye has been educated, through hundreds of thousands of years, by all the other faculties which man has inherited: his powers of handling the objects the eye sees, of measuring them, of smelling and tasting as well as beholding.

In these long ages the human brain has developed powers connected with seeing which other animals do not possess, and new brain structures have been added to the human brain to store up impressions.

Thus a human eye could both see and appreciate the value of a tuft of grass in a shop window. It is doubtful whether a horse could see it at all.

MAKING A NEW CARPET

At the famous Gobelins tapestry factory in France a carpet is being made for the French Embassy in Washington which is to cost a million francs, roughly £13,000 at the present rate of exchange.

It is being made with just the same patience and skill that marked the work of this renowned workshop in the golden age of Louis the Fourteenth.

It is still a workshop for aristocratic patrons. The Gobelins tapestries are luxuries for millionaires. A large panel will cost £4800. And as there are not too many people about today who can afford to hang their walls with these attractive coverings, or lay out £13,000 for a carpet, the French Government, which no longer controls the factory, is standing by till times are better.

The Government buys Sévres china, Beauvais and Gobelins tapestries and carpets—just enough to remind these historic workshops that their motherland is interested in them, proud of them. And so the chief Gobelins workshop, with its 65 workmen, is plodding on.

It is good to know that in these days of machine-made furniture and ornaments there are such centres of crafts, with such unchanging traditions, in existence, that the beautiful arts of Old France are alive in the modern Republic. And better still to know that they are holding their own in the present sorry state of the commercial world.

At the Beauvais tapestry workshops, where 52 weavers are employed, Time has stood still, one would think, since 1664, when tapestries began to be woven there. The actual walls have changed, but the slow, patient spirit of the craft grows not old and changes not.

A Beauvais weaver, working steadily at his hand loom, will only weave a few square feet in the year. If the design is complicated he may perhaps only finish three feet in the twelvemonth; if it is comparatively easy he may finish ten square feet. This is one of the reasons why Beauvais tapestries are worth a king's ransom, for the cost of manufacture runs from about £300 to £800 a square yard.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP

AMONG the most anxious of workers in all England just now are the shepherds. Winds are fierce and bitter, but shepherds must keep their unceasing watch on the bleak uplands.

The good shepherd has many problems to face. Some of the tiny creatures playing among flying snowflakes are motherless. Some of the ewes have lost their children, and search with endless patience for something they will never find.

This is the shepherd's worst problem. He knows only too well that the searching mother will neither eat nor rest. She will get weaker and more frantic with every hour, and he is faced with the loss of valuable stock. What can he do?

Watch a big flock which has been brought from the Northern hills for

the wool-clipping. Sheep look all alike, and lambs cannot be told one from another; but, released from the yards, every mother will find her own lamb. Joyfully united, they drift away in tiny groups and return to the very spot on the upland, however distant and inaccessible, from which they had been driven.

The wise shepherd knows this. He sets about creating a false scent. He cunningly puts the bereft ewe and the orphaned lamb together, and quietly rubs the lamb's coat with a little spirit. At the same time he puts a little of the pungently-scented spirit in the mother's drinking-trough of water, and when she noses distractedly round the youngster she thinks she knows the scent!

So they go off contentedly together. Problem solved!

YOU WILL HAVE TO

SIR JOHN RUSSELL, Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, told some good stories, serious and gay, when he addressed the Association of Special Libraries at Bristol the other day.

Before the war nearly all scientific researches were published in English, French, or German. Since the war many nations have decided to publish in their mother tongues. Today journals in 24 languages are received at Rothamsted.

One journal printed in a new script was sent back by the translating staff with a note:

"We are sorry, but we do not read fretwork."

Sir John was dismayed when some friends in the Ukraine told him that

they were going to start a journal of agricultural science in their own language. It was the last straw. Sir John flatly refused to read it.

"We shall do such good work that you will have to read it," they said.

And they had to. That is a great tribute to their good work.

But it is sad to think how the diversity of tongues hinders men of science from pooling their knowledge. They must envy the scholars of the Middle Ages, when Latin was the universal language of scholars, and the people of the day after tomorrow, who will perhaps use Esperanto in the same way.

Meanwhile, translators will tell us that every cloud has a silver lining.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE AND THE BIG CHURCH

60 People Must Find £1000

THE C.N. HALF-CROWN

We were writing the other day of the problem of the small income and the large vicarage.

Now we are reminded of the perpetual problem of the tiny village and the large church by the news that within twelve miles of one another three beautiful East Anglian churches are needing sums of money impossible to their few parishioners.

Five thousand pounds is needed for the parish church at Beccles, where the poet Crabbe and the parents of Nelson were married. Some £2000 has been raised, much work has been done, but still much is needed, including attention to the massive detached tower, a fine landmark for miles round.

Window Blown In

Then Blythburgh Church, well known and loved by artists, requires another vast sum for its preservation. Once it was the centre of a prosperous fishing village, with a priory whose revenues were taken by Cardinal Wolsey to found his college at Ipswich. Today only a few villagers are left, and the vicar had the unpleasant experience, while preaching one wintry Sunday two years ago, of watching one of the clerestory windows blow in and crash to the floor. By splendid efforts the villagers have already raised about £550, but there remains another £500 to be got somehow if this church is not to fall to pieces.

The people of Mutford, near Lowestoft, have also managed to collect £400 for their old round-towered church with its unusual west porch, but £200 is still needed to complete the work of restoration.

Only the other day the rector of the ancient church of Horninghold in Leicestershire was appealing for help. The church there needs £1000, yet there are only 60 adults in the village, and of the three big houses all were empty until the other day, when a tenant was found for one. These 60 people have already raised £100, and will be thankful for a few C.N. half-crowns.

THE YOUNG WOMAN OF TODAY

How One Came Home

We take this extract from a letter from Bournemouth.

Kathleen has come back after five-and-a-half years in Canada, where, among other things, she worked on the staff of a residential school for Red Indians.

Her way of coming home was typical of the young woman of today. She motored in public vehicles from Vancouver to San Francisco, and then crossed U.S.A. by Salt Lake City and Chicago to see the Exhibition, and on to Buffalo and New York, then to Montreal and Quebec, all by road except from Montreal to Quebec, where snow made it necessary to take the train.

In her journeying she crossed 18 American States; then she crossed the Atlantic.

UNSHRINKABLE CLOTHS

Simultaneously in England and America a process has been worked out to render textiles unshrinkable.

Success has been achieved with cottons and linens, but the woollen problem is not yet solved.

The warp is so compressed or condensed by the machines used that it becomes for practical purposes unalterable in length in washing. This is good news for the housewife, but she will be even better pleased to learn that it is hoped to succeed also with woollens.

THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 36

Foul Play

PAUL did not return to bed but sat at his window, thinking deeply and watching the dawn break little by little; and once he thought he heard his door stealthily tried, and turned his head watchfully; but nothing occurred. So he dressed without any noise and after waiting till eight o'clock went down in his usual manner for breakfast.

He had decided how he would act. Not a word of what he had just seen and heard should escape him until he had extracted all he could from Felix. And then, unless, of course, his apprehensions proved groundless, he would slip away from the house to take counsel with Esther.

"Trencher," he said, as the man joined him in the kitchen, "when are you expecting my guardian back?"

Trencher poured out a cup of tea before he replied. And then he said, thoughtfully, "Mr Felix? He's back!"

"Back!" Paul exclaimed, with an air of surprise. "Is he better?"

"I believe so," growled Trencher.

"But when did he come back?"

"This morning," said Trencher laconically.

"But I didn't hear him!" cried Paul.

"What time did he come, Trencher?"

"He arrived," Trencher said, in a slow tone, "at six o'clock."

"At six o'clock! I wish you'd called me, Trencher," Paul uttered this casually, as he buttered a piece of bread.

"Mr Chavis drove him over in his car from St Tregarthen."

"Well, you might," persisted Paul, "have let me know."

"I wished to," Trencher rejoined deliberately and quietly. "In fact, I tried your door. It was locked. I don't know why you locked it?" And as he demanded this he looked straight at Paul.

But Paul was ready for it. "Did you hear the wind?" he retorted. "You know how it was howling when I went to bed! When it blows like that doors rattle much less if you lock them."

Trencher rose from the table and came to Paul's side. "At present," he said, "Mr Felix is resting after his journey, but he would like to see you at twelve o'clock, if you please, sir."

"I'll be ready," said Paul.

"Very good, sir."

Trencher's sudden return to this formal manner disturbed Paul; there was something too smooth in these tones of fictitious respect. Paul was burning to let fly, to call the man hypocrite and liar, but prudence compelled him to keep the mask on his feelings. So he went on with his breakfast without further words, and when he had finished he stood looking out of the window. The skies were the colour of ink, the water was moaning; there was every sign of another bad storm blowing up.

Nevertheless, in the teeth of this threatening weather toward eleven o'clock a car was heard on the gravel and to Paul's deep disgust Isaac Chavis stepped out and, after a muttered word with Trencher, proceeded upstairs. Paul wanted to get his guardian to himself this time, and was hoping that the visitor wouldn't stay long. But he was still there at midday, when Felix's bell rang. Then Trencher, who had not left Paul's side all the morning, took a saucepan of broth off the fire, poured it into a china basin which he set with three fingers of toast on a small silver tray, and with this in his hand and a nod to Paul, said, "If you please, sir."

They went upstairs together.

"Now for it!" thought Paul.

Trencher set down the broth before Felix and gave him a spoon, then, instead of going out, remained by the door. Felix tasted the broth, began to take sips, while his eyes dwelt on Paul with a speculative expression.

In a chair at one side of the table sat Isaac Chavis, thin lips in his sallow face tightly compressed, his legs crossed, and his gloved hands resting on his knees. Paul looked at him, and then turned to look straightly at Trencher, and next back at Felix.

"Sir," he said pointedly, "shall I come up when you're less busy?"

Isaac Chavis raised his eyebrows, which were very pale and scanty, and his tight lips parted as though to make some remark. But he pressed them together again, and his eyes went to Felix, who shook his head and gestured Paul to sit down.

"You can speak quite freely before us, my dear lad," he uttered.

But how to begin in front of these other two, how to have it all out with Felix in

these two men's presence? It flurried Paul. "But, sir, I am sure," he repeated, "that you and Mr Chavis have some business together. I can wait and come presently."

"Business? Just so. Your business, my dear lad," purred Felix.

"And Trencher's, sir?" Paul demanded.

Felix ignored this. He was sipping his broth again and continuing to regard Paul with that same speculation in his gaze. "I suppose, Paul," he said, "that you haven't changed your mind?"

"About what, sir?"

"About the Scilly Isles," said Felix, laying his spoon down.

"No, I won't, sir. I can't!" cried Paul.

There was silence. Then, "My dear lad," Felix uttered caressingly, and, raising one hand, he passed it through his white locks. On this Isaac Chavis emitted a sudden deep breath, and, conscious of a quick, springing movement behind him, Paul had just time to turn and see Trencher towering above him as the heavy cudgel in Trencher's hand came swinging down.

A fluttering gasp left Paul's lips. Then he fell, and lay still.

When his senses began to return he found himself lying in a heap in the bottom of a closed car, and instinctively his hand went up to his head, which was splitting with agony, and encountered a bandage. Then he attempted in a dazed way to struggle to his feet, but something cold and hard was pressed against the nape of his neck, and a hissing whisper warned him to stay where he was.

"Do you feel that? It's a pistol," the whisper continued. "If you move or call out that pistol goes off."

Paul shivered.

For the savage whisper was Trencher's.

CHAPTER 37

Aboard the Sloop Judith

Paul's head was going round and round, his limp limbs collapsed again, and the car's onrush shook his body from side to side and sent quivers of pain through his temples. Endeavouring to steady himself with his hands, and conscious still of the pistol pressed to his neck, he wondered in a strengthless way where they were taking him, and supposed that it was Chavis driving the car.

Then he felt Trencher's hands at his lips. "You'll be better soon," Trencher growled. "Here! Take a drink of this. It will pull you round, lad." Trencher had forced his mouth open and was holding a flask to it. "It's water," he said.

Paul drank a long draught.

It must have been drugged, for when he came round once more he heard the sea buffeting around him and was lying full stretched upon blankets in a ship's cabin. The ship was moving and tossing with loud groaning timbers. So much he had realised before the cabin door slid to one side and a big bearded man in oilskins showed in the opening.

"Where am I?" Paul gasped at him.

The man was a Frenchman, who spoke English tolerably well. "Now, mister, you're going to have some hot coffee," he said, and then we can talk." And when one of the hands had brought in a pannikin of coffee and Paul was sitting upright, gulping it down, he came to the side of the bunk and began.

"You're aboard the sloop Judith," he said. "And she's well out at sea, mister." He pointed to the lamp which swung in its fastenings. "And it's after midnight, so judge what a good sleep you've had."

Paul found that the bandage had been removed from his head, which already felt considerably easier and clearer. "Who are you?" he murmured.

"Mr Rien du Tout," said the bearded man.

The answer struck a sinister note in Paul's mind. Mr Nothing At All! Who, then, was this fellow who kept his name to himself? And what strange vessel was this?

Then it struck Paul in a flash that he was being kidnapped. He must gather his wits.

"Let me speak to your captain," he uttered.

"Nothing easier," said the other, smiling a little.

"You are the captain?"

"At your service, mister."

How ironical it sounded! Paul ground his teeth. He was trapped.

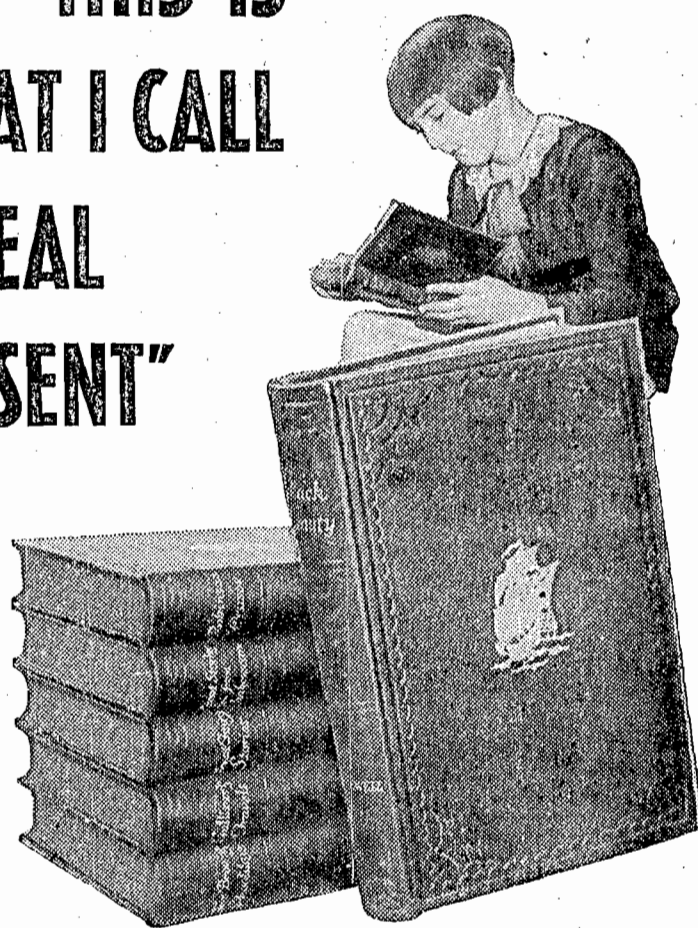
"You don't suppose you can keep me here!" he exclaimed.

"Aye, that's what I am supposing. Your passage is paid."

Continued on the next page

"MY—THIS IS WHAT I CALL A REAL PRESENT"

6 Volumes,
2,000 Pages.
Profusely
Illustrated
Actual
Books are
7½ in. high
by 5½ in.
wide.



—youngsters everywhere are delighted. They are the happy boys and girls who through the "Daily Sketch" unparalleled offer are now enjoying the best children's books in the world. There never has been such a generous offer—such a marvellous opportunity to own a library of six of the most wonderful books ever published. It is a magnificent chance given to its readers by "Daily Sketch." Through the "Daily Sketch" the children of to-day are able to revel and thrill in the delight of six of the greatest children's classics ever printed. Make sure of your set by completing and posting the Reservation Form below To-day!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. GREAT FAIRY STORIES FROM ANDERSEN, GRIMM AND THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. | 4. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (DEAN SWIFT). |
| 2. ROBINSON CRUSOE (DANIEL DEFOE). | 5. GREAT STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE (CHARLES LAMB). |
| 3. BLACK BEAUTY (ANNA SEWELL). | 6. TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS (THOMAS HUGHES). |

Handsomely bound in rich blue cloth, the six books are exquisitely illustrated and make a complete library—a magnificent Presentation Set fitting into a handy cabinet. You can secure the whole set simply by collecting 15 Presentation Tokens cut from consecutive issues of "Daily Sketch" and sending them with a Postal Order for 5s. 6d., which covers cost of packing, insurance, Presentation Cabinet, carriage and delivery to your door. But you must act now! Send immediately the Reservation Form below for a Voucher giving full details of this remarkable offer and illustrating the books in actual colours. Start qualifying for your Set. Tokens appear daily in "Daily Sketch."

RESERVATION FORM

"DAILY SKETCH" CHILDREN'S CLASSICS. CABINET PRESENTATION SET.

Please send to me, to the address on the label below, the illustrated Presentation Voucher and details regarding the offer of the "Daily Sketch" Children's Classics, and please reserve for me provisionally a set of the six volumes. (Write in Block Letters.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NEWSAGENT.....

NEWSAGENT'S ADDRESS.....

C.N.4

Post this at once in an unsealed envelope (id. stamp) to—
"Children's Classics," Daily Sketch, 198, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.
It is understood that by filling in this form a reader incurs no liability whatsoever. The set of books can be sent only after the Presentation Voucher is completed and returned with 15 Tokens to the "Daily Sketch."
(Do not send money with this.)

Do not detach.

ADDRESS LABEL.

(This must be forwarded also.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

You must
affix id.
stamp here.

THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Continued from page 13

Paul pondered this. Then a prisoner he veritably was. "Are you taking me to the Scilly Isles?" he asked next.

"To the Scilly Isles? Nay," the man rejoined slowly, "to Lisbon."

"To Lisbon!" Paul said with a shout.

The big seaman pressed a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Steadily does it," he grumbled. "Calm yourself, mister. I'm carrying you to Lisbon, where I tranship you to a Portuguese ship for South America. A well-found vessel she is, if ever there was one, and you'll have the time of your life aboard her, my lad." And then with amazing bluntness he told Paul the whole. How Chavis had paid him to lie on and off the coast and watch for a signal from the headland at dusk. How the signal had showed that last evening, how his boat had slipped in, and carried its drugged passenger off to the sloop. And how the Portuguese skipper, equally well paid by Chavis, would take charge of Paul at Lisbon, and deliver him to friends on the coast of Colombia, who had their own ways, he said grimly, of setting lads to work.

And as Paul listened he felt as if he were in the grips of some horrible dream.

"And if I resist," he uttered at last in a hoarse voice.

The bearded man shrugged his shoulders. "Mister, it's for you to choose," he said meaningly.

Paul stared. "Will you pass your word to give no trouble aboard me?"

"I'll promise nothing," cried Paul.

"Then you'll drop overboard, will you? Do you reckon you can swim back across the Atlantic?"

Paul kept silence.

"Will you give me your parole, mister?" "My word not to try to escape?" "No, I won't," Paul repeated.

"Well, there are seven of us here on the sloop," the man remarked steadily. "And I reckon seven are enough to take care of one lad."

"Release me!" cried Paul suddenly. "I've a friend who's a lawyer. He'll see you're well paid."

A frown crossed the Frenchman's face. "Perhaps I'd like to," he answered, "for I'll own you're as game as any lad I've met. But my word is my bond, and I've never gone back on it, mister."

"But still—"

"That's enough," growled the man, as, removing his jacket and boots, he threw himself full stretch on the opposite bunk. "Now, we'll get all the rest we can, lad, for mebbe we shall be wanting it badly tomorrow."

And, judging from the manner in which the sloop was labouring, Paul thought this more than likely, unless the wind fell.

When he woke up at seven o'clock it was almost blowing half a gale, and, after they had brought him something to eat, he went up on deck where, as he was now much refreshed by his sleep, the sight of the French flag astream at the mast set his wits working. Last night his wits had been fogged; this morning their normal sharpness had been restored. And they told him this: that the captain had lied last night when, with the motive of course, of quenching all thoughts of escape, he had told him that the vessel was well out at sea. Paul had no means of judging their present position; there was no land in sight, but he felt certain that she was not very far out to sea yet.

If the weather grew worse the sloop might be compelled to put back to Cornwall!

CHAPTER 38 Each for Himself

IN his anxiety to get more knots out of her, and reckless of the rising force of the wind, the captain clapped on every stitch of the canvas till her gunwale was lying nearly flush with the water. This might have been well enough in reliable weather, but broad in the beam as the sloop was and deep in the keel, there was every prospect, if a sudden squall overtook her, of the spread and weight of her canvas capsizing her.

But the Frenchman, with his weather eye ever intent, was laughing in his beard at the danger he ran. He could handle a ship with any skipper afloat. And his men were Bretons born and bred to salt water.

So much was visible. But down in his mind another reason may have impelled him to challenge disaster. For by now Paul's disappearance might have leaked out, and, for all he knew, be associated with his vessel. So perhaps he feared

pursuit and capture by steam, with its consequences of a British gaol for himself.

As for Paul, he was hoping now that the storm would break and disable them. For then the crippled sloop must needs call for assistance. He hoped that the wind would change and force them out of their course. He was pinning all his hopes on the wind and the seas.

The day turned dark. The light went out of the skies. The wind appeared to have dropped, but the captain was sniffing it. Reluctant to lower his big sails, he paused on intention; and that indecisive instant proved his undoing. Like a fury released came a shrieking squall out of the blackness, and as the captain's roar to his hands filled the ship, the waters filled her as well, and the hurricane took her, and mangled her, and tore the sails from her body.

Then over the sloop's dead body, as it might have been, the squall passed shrieking onwards into the darkness.

Toward evening the wind came up again with fresh fierceness, and began to blow, as it seemed, from all quarters at once. The maimed ship was powerless to hold any course, but went staggering blindly on, the sport of the elements. This endured for several hours, till in the middle of the night, and long after the Frenchman had lost all sense of his direction, Paul, who was clinging on to the ragged stub of the bowsprit, believed that he caught a glimpse of some distant light and that his ears had distinguished, like far rumbling thunder, the familiar sound of breakers roaring on rocks.

It was in the deep of the night that the Judith came to her end, having first been caught and rushed along in a current, then plunged into a seething maelstrom of spume which overwhelmed her, swept every soul from her decks, then lifted her up and flung her upon the rocks, whence, battered to fragments, she slid back into the deep.

With choking lungs and drumming ears Paul went down—and down—and came up again, and gasped for some breath; then endeavoured to strike out and swim, but found swimming impossible; then surrendered his limbs to the waves with one effort only, namely, to keep his mouth and his head above water.

This submission to the water's wrath saved his life. For no man living could have pitted his poor strength against it. He must take his chance of what those raging waters would do for him. They threw

Paul up upon a cornice of rock, and there he clung, very nearly at his last gasp.

Yet, when presently he recovered a little breath he discovered that he had no need to cling for his life for his shelf of rock was broad and secure from the seas. So, after rubbing his legs to keep cramp at bay, he rose cautiously, to peer for other survivors but could see nothing for the swirl of the seas and the night.

Despite the savage thresh of the waters below and the screaming of the wind as it swept to the land, he must have dropped off next into a heavy slumber, for when he opened his eyes again he believed he could taste the approach of dawn in the air. He believed, too, that the sea was trumpeting less. His intense need now was to coax more warmth into his body, and, having struggled upright, he slapped his chest with his arms; then recalling his lifebelt he felt for it, found it was gone, and that the sea had only left him his trousers and shirt with the heavy woollen vest that lay next to his skin. Drenched through and through, this emphasised his discomfort, till he rapidly stripped and wrung out his garments, and, shivering a great deal, put himself back into them. It was raining no longer. The sharp air must finish his drying.

And thus with chattering teeth he awaited the dawn.

How long the dawn took! But at last its first streak touched the heavens. Then very slowly sea and sky seemed to draw from each other, very faintly each resolved again into itself, no longer was he enveloped in a general, dim greyness. And more and more the sea showed, until presently, out of its mists, there uprose right against Paul one towering gigantic shape, hard and cruel and bare, like some forlorn castle. Yet, as the light broadened this massive monster confronting him, it brought a great and bewildering gust of joy to Paul's heart.

He knuckled his eyes and wondered if he were dreaming.

For that rock was either a dream or it was the Grimball.

He began to shake all over again with excitement. He could scarcely bear to look away, lest the vision should fade. But he forced himself to do this, to look down to his feet, and beyond, where the channel between that rock and his own rock ran churning and seething and boiling like some maddened millrace. And he knew that

this was no phantasy, but that he himself had been cast away on the Three Chimneys.

Little wonder if his senses were reeling; for by what strange intervention in human affairs had these two mighty rocks become a part of his destiny? They had taken his father's life; they had given him his own; they had claimed and destroyed the ship which was carrying him off. In all their moods he remembered them, right from his childhood; he had stood at his window and watched them time and again, always silent, aloof, mysterious and brooding. It had been as though they had belonged to him. *He belonged to them.*

So vividly these impressions mastered Paul's thoughts that for a while he forgot to look for any traces of the sloop or to search for evidence of other survivors. But not a plank of the sloop remained, and her crew had all perished.

CHAPTER 39 Paul Stops To Think

THEN the morning broke in full, and a great sun shone out.

Paul was speculating whether the Cove had any idea that a ship had struck on these rocks in the depth of the night. But as she had neither been showing lights nor sent up distress signals he concluded that she had gone to her death unobserved. But presently some wreckage from the sloop might come floating ashore, when they would be on the look-out.

So although the distance to the shore was but half a mile, he resisted the impulse to swim for it and decided instead to secure help by signalling.

And it was while his mind was debating the best way to signal that of a sudden he stopped, and, stepping back into a dark recess of his rock, began to think harder than he had ever done in his life; for his thoughts had taken a different turn, and were telling him that only an imbecile would walk back into the lion's den! Well, then, was he wise in attracting attention?

From the moment that the sloop had opened his eyes to Felix he had made himself a vow, if his life should be spared, not only to unmask Felix but to fight him. There should be no more submission, but war to the knife against the hypocrite who had betrayed his trust and against his accomplices, the murderous Trencher and Chavis with hands like a toad. He could not tell what villainy Felix was up to, but, whatever it might be, he would get to the bottom of it.

By showing himself in the Cove he would put his enemies on their guard. They thought he was on the high seas and disposed of for good. Let them go on thinking that. It was his sharpest weapon. He would grasp it and so fall on them unawares.

He would stay where he was till nightfall and then try to get into touch with his friends.

He began to creep up the natural rocky stairway to the cropped plateau under the three spires where Esther and he had recently eaten their lunch. Here he found, pushed into one of the crannies, a small paper bag. He pounced upon this with a nod, for he knew it contained the remains of their sandwiches, and the cosy cranny where they had left them was as dry as a bone still. So were the broken pieces of bread; very dry, very hard; but as good a meal as ship's biscuit, he told himself gratefully. It might keep him going—if he had water. The bread would probably make his thirstiness worse!

Oh, wait a minute! The cormorants visited this rock, and it was just about now that they started laying their eggs! Once more his wits had befriended him. In less than an hour he had discovered all that he sought, and the eggs were such meat and drink that the blood ran more strongly in his veins and all he needed now was a long steady sleep.

He had left the broken bread, but, as a precaution, he was putting it into one of his trouser-pockets when a strange thing occurred. For it flashed on him, only that instant, that soon before the sloop struck, some odd thought had caused him to transfer Fyn's elder sprig from his coat to his trousers. His fingers dived eagerly.

The shrunken withered little sprig was still there.

Fyn! He had not thought of Fyn! Yet Fyn might prove the very friend he was wanting. He would give the Cove a wide berth, hide on the moor tonight, and first thing tomorrow would try to discover Fyn's burrow and take refuge there while he made up his mind how to strike.

He turned on his back and at once fell into a deep sleep.

It was dusk before he awoke. Then he lowered himself from the farther side of the rock, and struck out for the land.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO OVERDOES IT

JACKO had started the New Year with good resolves, which were soon all broken—except one.

"Folks say I can't do a thing without blundering," he said to himself. "Well, I'll show 'em this year that I can be a useful chap."

But the family didn't altogether appreciate Jacko's Latest, as they called it.

"There'll soon be nothing but chipped

before it got stolen!" Then he ran and hid it away. "I'll let 'em have a fright and think it's gone," he chuckled.

It was late when the guests departed; the family were seeing them off when suddenly there was a loud exclamation.

"The rug's been taken from my car!" cried the owner in great agitation.

Jacko tried to look solemn. "Bit risky to leave it there, wasn't it?" he asked.



"He's a regular nuisance," said Father Jacko

crockery left if he persists in helping to wash-up," wailed Mother Jacko one day.

"He's a regular nuisance with my spectacles," replied Father. "Every time I breathe he whisks them off my nose, to give them a polish."

One evening some friends arrived in their new car. Hardly were they inside the house when Adolphus handed Jacko a letter for post. "Be a sport," he said, "and hop off to the pillar-box for me."

It was bitterly cold, and Jacko scampered quickly to keep warm. Coming back again he noticed a large rug lying across the car outside. "Coo!" he exclaimed. "Lucky I spotted this

"Shut up, old wise owl!" snapped Adolphus, shivering at the open door. "We'd better ring up the police."

The guest promptly strode up to the telephone in the hall.

"Stop!" shrieked Jacko, opening a cupboard and dragging out the bulky rug. "There!" he cried, beaming triumphantly. "I brought it in before anyone stole it."

To Jacko's surprise and dismay the gentleman was furious.

"You little idiot!" he roared. "I put it on the car to keep the engine warm. Now the wretched thing's frozen and we can't budge an inch!"

Give THE NEW YEAR A Good Start

BY JOINING THE

JUNIOR BOOK CLUB

Choosing the right books for boys and girls to read is one of the most difficult tasks confronting parents and teachers, not to mention the children themselves.

It was to solve this problem that the JUNIOR BOOK CLUB was formed just a year ago, and the success it has won is attested in the many hundreds of letters received from those who are renewing their subscription for 1934.

"THE BOOKS ARE RIPPING!"

"We have found your choice of books delightful," writes the headmaster of a preparatory school.

"The books throughout the year have given the greatest pleasure, and my daughter was always pleased with the book selected," says a mother in Gloucestershire.

"My son," writes a father from Frinton, "says that the books were ripping, and he has enjoyed every one of them."

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE

It costs nothing to join, and the annual subscription is only £3, the ordinary published price of 12 monthly books at an average cost of 5/- each. This sum can be paid in three instalments of £1 each, if preferred.

ALL THE NEW BOOKS

are carefully examined as they are published, and each month a "book of the month" is chosen, and others recommended. This is the Selection Committee:

REV. H. R. L. SHEPPARD (Chairman)

LADY BADEN-POWELL (Chief Guide)

DR. C. A. ALINGTON, Head Master of Eton, 1917/33

Miss E. STRUDWICK, High Mistress of St. Paul's Girls' School

MR. A. E. HENSHALL, Ex-President, N.U.T

Prize Competitions are held every month and a copy of the Club's magazine, Young Opinion, is sent free to every member.

FILL IN THE COUPON AND POST NOW

To the Secretary,
JUNIOR BOOK CLUB, LTD., 15, LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.
I wish to subscribe to the Club for one year and enclose £..... Please send the books to

Name.....

Address.....

Please send me illustrated particulars of the Club

Signature.....

Address.....

C.N.13

★ RADIO ACHIEVEMENT ★

The Remarkable Record of a Wireless Journal

FROM the very earliest days of broadcasting—how we thrilled when we heard the first faint notes coming in on our primitive crystal-sets!—until today, when the very latest and most marvellous radio-gramophones are a commonplace, POPULAR WIRELESS has led the way. Always in the van of experiment and construction, this most famous of all radio journals has indeed achieved much.

In 1922 the first popular Home Constructor set was described in POPULAR WIRELESS.

In 1924 POPULAR WIRELESS, introducing the forerunner of all multi-grid wireless valves, paved the way for S.G.'s, Pentodes and all the latest multi-grid types. Thus was the era of highly sensitive, inexpensive receivers inaugurated.

From the Crystal Palace POPULAR WIRELESS conducted the first National 5-metre tests, in which a world's record was secured for Britain.

POPULAR WIRELESS has even set a world fashion! For its short-wave adaptor was duplicated in millions, and has sold widely in every country in the world.

Not long ago a POPULAR WIRELESS set was acclaimed by the whole of the British Radio Industry—an absolutely unique tribute not hitherto achieved by any design whatsoever.

POPULAR WIRELESS is still first with the really important new ideas. In connection with the recent valve developments alone, this famous journal gave the first details for constructors of sets embodying "Class B," the Multi-Mu Pentode, the Double-Diode Triode, the Westector, All-Metal Valves, the Low-Bias Multi-Mu and the Double-Diode Pentode.

Here is achievement indeed. POPULAR WIRELESS has always led—POPULAR WIRELESS is still leading—POPULAR WIRELESS will always lead.

POPULAR WIRELESS

Every Wednesday. At all Newsagents - - - 3d.

● IN REPLYING TO ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER." ●

GOOD IT'S MASON'S
AND NON-ALCOHOLIC.

POST FREE. This case contains three trial bottles of Mason's Wine Essences, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 8d. to :-

NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., NOTTINGHAM

Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

COUPON

I enclose 8d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences.

Name.....

Address.....

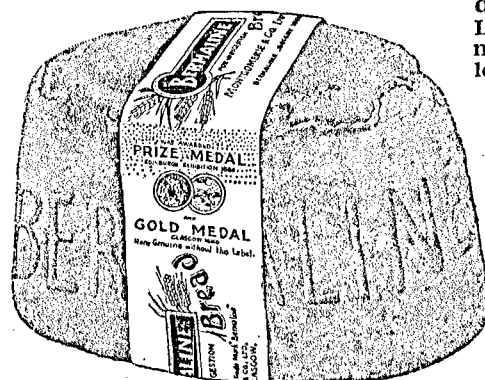
WANTED—
Women Writers!

Learn to write ARTICLES and STORIES. Make spare hours profitable. Send to-day for free booklet, "How to Succeed as a Writer," which describes how many women students have earned while learning.—Regent Institute (Dept. 2880), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8.

50,000 BREAKFASTS
Free, Ample, Satisfying, supplied each winter to hungry East End Children. Remember the little ones. 3d. pays for ONE meal. 25/- for 100. How many may we entertain as your guests?
R.S.V.P. to the Rev. Percy Ineson, Supt.
EAST END MISSION,
Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

If it's
CREMONA
it's good
Toffee!

Try Cremona 'Family' Assortment: 20 Varieties



THOUSANDS of people enjoy good health and freedom from indigestion by eating **BERMALINE BREAD**. Letters are being constantly received saying how much good **BERMALINE** does. Here is a recent letter :-

London, E.1. 9/10/33.
Dear Sirs,—I feel I must write and tell you how wonderful your bread is. For about two years I have not been able to eat bread, white or brown, not even..... My baker asked me to try your "Bermaline" bread, which I did, and how glad I am! I would not be without it now. It's a pleasure to be able to have bread and butter again. I cannot speak too highly to anyone who suffers as I do from acidity and indigestion. Wishing you every success. I remain, yours gratefully,

Bermaline Bread
Easiest to digest

Arthur Mee's
HEROES
Sixpence every Friday

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 6, 1934

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's
HEROES
Sixpence every Friday

THE BRAN TUB

A Deal in Bicycles

A BICYCLE DEALER, after selling 12 more than one-sixth of his stock, sold three-quarters of the remainder and had twelve left. How many had he at first?

Answer next week

Sweets

THE confectionery trade in Britain employs nearly three-quarters of a million people, and there are a quarter of a million sweet-shops in the country. Millions of pounds are spent every week on confectionery, and £50,000,000 is spent on chocolate alone every year.

Ici On Parle Français



Le ruban Le rhinocéros La corde

Donnez-moi trois mètres de ruban. Les rhinocéros habitent la jungle. A quoi donc servira cette corde ?

The Wind and I

WE'RE friends, the wind and I! Today I met it early on the hill, Calling so loud, so shrill. But strong and kind, I did not mind.

I flung my arms and ran to its embrace; It tossed my hair; it kissed my face, And then rushed by. We're friends, the wind and I.

Strange Spelling

JACK: Can you spell a word of nine letters meaning a muddler with only four letters?

Tom: I give it up.

Jack: The word is blunderer, and I spell it by just writing down the four letters thus: .

E R
B L

Tom: Not bad. But can you spell the verb appropriate with only one letter?

Jack: Give it up.

Tom: Quite simple; I just write down an X—(annex).

Next Week in the Countryside.

THE hedge-sparrow is heard whistling. The common bunting's note is heard. Red dead nettle and groundsel are beginning to flower. The pansy is found in blossom in sheltered situations.

Tongue-Twister

MAY HUGHES may use the yews that you may use, if you hew the huge yew that May Hughes and you may use.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

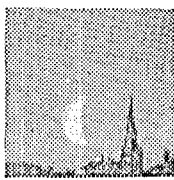
WELL, all my patients will be waiting for me, said Mr Clumb. "I must be off."

He kissed his wife and trotted down the front path to the road. There was a crunch of wheels, and his wife knew that W. Clumb, Ins. had started his round. His was a lofty calling, with no small element of danger; but Mr and Mrs Clumb had easy consciences, for that Ins. after his name was short for Fully Insured. Mr Clumb was a window-cleaner.

When a real doctor visits his patient he has first to rattle on the door—which he does very importantly so that there is a scamper in the hall to admit the great man. But when Mr Clumb visited his patients there was no delay

Other Worlds Next Week.

IN the evening the planets Venus, Saturn, and Mars are in the South-West, and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Wednesday, January 10.



A Riddle in Rhyme

MY head's a bird,
My tail's a river.
It sounds absurd
(And pray don't shiver).
But there's just naught
Twixt head and tail.
And yet I'm sought
By strong and frail.

Answer next week

Easily Cracked Nuts

NUTS are often rather difficult to crack cleanly, especially Brazils with their hard, awkwardly-shaped shells. Here is a way to make all nuts extremely easy to crack.

Put the nuts in a single layer on a dish and place them in an oven for about five minutes. This will extract what moisture there is in the shells, making them very brittle, so that there is no difficulty in getting out whole kernels.

Five minutes will not affect the flavour of the nuts, but if you give them ten they will take on quite a new and pleasing taste.

Of course the oven should not be hot enough to scorch the nuts.

What Is It?

MY first is in apple and also in pear,
My second's in stretching and also in tear,
My third is in early and also in late,
My fourth is in captain and also in mate,
My fifth is in naughty and also in nice,
My sixth is in thirdly and also in twice,
My seventh's in rising and also in sink,
My eighth is in clanging and also in clink,
My whole is so restless it never is still,
And though often a friend it may yet work much ill.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Unequal Shares. £2800.

What Are We? Pair of shoes.

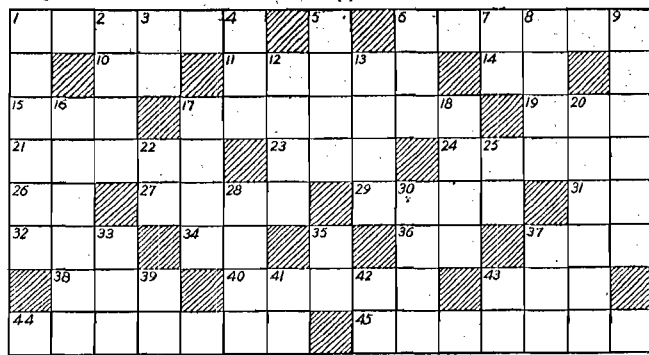
Tangled Birds

Throstle, blackbird, albatross, kingfisher, woodpecker, nightingale.

Queer Arithmetic
FIVE (IV—I=V).

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which are given below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. Brilliant. 6. Comrade. 10. Thus. 11. Last Greek letter. 14. Negative. 15. Unwell. 17. Perverse. 19. To trap. 21. Nautical term for fastening a rope. 23. Colour. 24. Passage in a church. 26. Sodium.* 27. Plant yielding a bitter juice. 29. In an auction sale. 31. British Columbia.* 32. Secret watcher. 34. In the direction of. 36. Royal Engineers.* 37. A bed. 38. Organ of hearing. 40. Striped quadruped. 43. Uncooked. 44. Thought much of. 45. To purify.

Reading Down. 1. Children. 2. Surrounded by water. 3. Proceed. 4. Dartmoor hill. 5. Wet with dew. 6. Distant. 7. Among. 8. Ages. 9. Find. 12. Fashion. 13. A Celt. 16. Jumped. 17. Hats are made of this. 18. Kind of palm. 20. Joints in the arms. 22. Virginia.* 25. Part of the verb to be. 28. Liquid mud. 30. By word of mouth. 33. Edible root of a tropical plant. 35. Able-bodied seaman.* 37. Tin container. 39. Royal Institution.* 41. Edition.* 42. Roman Catholic.* 43. Egyptian Sun-God.

Dr MERRYMAN

Getting Full Value

THE careful man was buying an attaché case.

"Shall I pack it up for you, sir?" asked the salesman.

"Oh, no; don't trouble, thanks," he replied; "just put the string and paper inside."

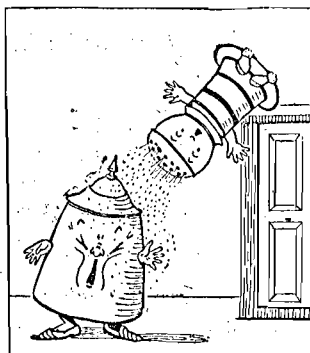
Most Necessary

THE Negro attendant carefully brushed the visitor's coat.

"Do, I really need brushing down like this?" he asked.

"Yas, sah, you most decidedly do, sah," replied the Negro. "You see, I've broke."

A Terrible To-Do



THE Mustard Pot is quite upset; the Pepper's upset too; And that is really what has caused this terrible to-do.

The Mustard sneezes—blinks his eyes: "Oh, careless Pepper-Pot!" he cries, "I really wish you would stand flat; You need not be an acrobat!"

Pride, and the Fall

HE had lived in London nearly ten years, and felt the call of his old home town.

So back he went for a short visit, feeling very much a man of the world, and thinking how the old friends of his boyhood would welcome him.

He stood outside the station, with his luggage, gazing on the scene.

"Why, here comes old Tom Jones," he said to himself as he prepared for a welcome.

"Hullo, Bill," said Tom as he approached, "Going away?"

A Good Friend

DING: The dog is man's best friend.

Dong: Quite right. If you keep a dog there is never anything left for hash.

DOCTOR CLUMB ON HIS ROUNDS

beat St Stephen's, 3-0; missed you at centre."

So, week by week, Mr Clumb cheered his patients—babies who liked his funny face and the squeak of his wash-leather; boys who wanted school news; girls who wanted doll news; old men who asked about bowls and gardens; old ladies who liked church news. Mr Clumb had friends everywhere he went.

Even on Sundays, though the barrow and the ladder and the pail were put away, Mr Clumb, like a real doctor, still had his patients to attend to. During the week's rounds a multitude of little messages and inquiries accumulated, things that could not be attended to on the spot without interfering with his busi-

ness. All such affairs he reserved for Sundays—a magazine to leave at one house, a note at another, a visit to the park to get the latest news about herbaceous borders or chrysanthemums, and always a talk with the school caretaker to keep up to date on school matters.

Then, one day, Mr Clumb slipped from his ladder, hurt his back, and he too became a patient. How glad he was that he was Ins.! Some days passed before the news of the accident spread. Then the callers started: the patients came to cure the doctor. And at the request of some of them a ladder was propped up outside Mr Clumb's window, so that all those who were able went "straight up."



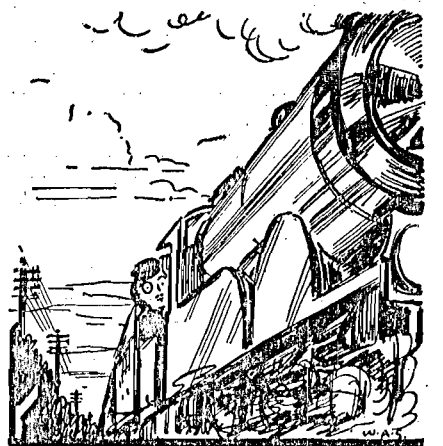
HOVIS at breakfast
Starts the day right
Helps to sustain you
Till last thing at night

HOVIS

EVERY DAY

The First Rule of
Health

Macclesfield



When the gradient is steep
And to schedule he must keep
Says the driver

Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all

